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From Whiz Ad Woman to Novelist in Five Years

ONE DOLLAR

FEBRUARY 14, 1977

NEW YORK

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But then, why not? It is singularly 'Ultima' II.



ULTIMA' II
CHARLES REVSON

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New York Is for Lovers*Photographed by Dan Wynn*

The town is famous for romance. For years, songwriters and poets, playwrights and moviemakers have been reminding us of the special magic the city holds for lovers. The old romantic places are as beguiling as ever, but there are lots of intriguing new trysting places. Marlo Thomas—whose latest movie, *Thieves*, is about the ups and downs of a young couple in New York—shows how and where you can have a fling with your valentine.

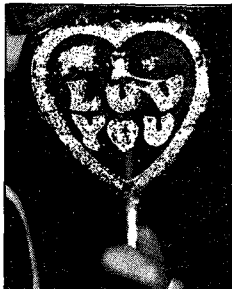


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If Chocolate Be the Food of Love, Dip On*By Michael and Ariane Batterberry*

When the Spanish *conquistadores* reached Montezuma's court, they found the ultimate aphrodisiac, and since that time chocolate has always been associated with romance. The very finest chocolates are freshly dipped by hand, and the Batterberrys offer a guide to valentine aphrodisia in New York.



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From Whiz Ad Woman to Whiz Novelist in Five Years*By Melanie Shorin*

Have you heard the one about the bored businesswoman who thought it might be fun to write a novel? Well, Helen Van Slyke did it. Or did five of them. Free-lance writer Melanie Shorin visits a best-seller.



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The battles over who pays for CUNY all boil down to one thing—politics. The loser gets the bill.

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An official of E. F. Johnson, the kingpin of CB radios, told our man Dorfman—for publication, yet—that president Richard Horner is “screwing up the company.”



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Fashion: From Bed to Bistro*By Priscilla Tucker*

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Mr. Flanagan explains the ins and outs of deferred annuities—which may be the best investment you can make if you're planning to retire soon. And, for those whose financial concerns are more immediate, he surveys some thermostat-regulating devices that could save you a bundle on fuel.

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Viewers' fare may be swinging away from violence, but is sugarcoated “honesty” the only alternative?

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Robert Aldrich's *Twilight's Last Gleaming*, the first movie to fictionalize the Vietnam/Watergate shame, suffers from Aldrich's usual heavy hand.

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That old crypto-Celt of fluorescent phenomena has gone public; his latest luminous “proposals” are visible in the gloaming of Grand Central's commuter-train tunnels.

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Early to bed and early to rise make but a few healthy, wealthy, and wise. For others, later is better, which we've known for some time. But recent studies of body rhythms go far beyond “larks” and “owls.” Ms. Goldberg reports on labs where tomatoes, monkeys, rats, flies, and men live strangely disoriented lives when their body clocks are forced out of sync.

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Chelsea Theater's *Crazy Locomotive* is a gorgeous production; all that's lacking is a play.

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Cover: Marlo Thomas and friend in the lobby of the Minskoff Theater; photograph by Dan Wynn.

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The City Politic / Ronald I. Rubin

CUNY'S FUTURE: IT'S ALL POLITICS

Leonard Lief is a busy man. As president of Lehman College, CUNY's northernmost outpost, one and a half miles from the Yonkers line, he is busy, not with innovating educational programs, but with laying off faculty, briefing politicians, hustling in students, and fending off the barracudalike older senior colleges of CUNY—Hunter, City College, Queens, and Brooklyn—scheming to swallow up his Bronx campus and presumably secure their own survival.

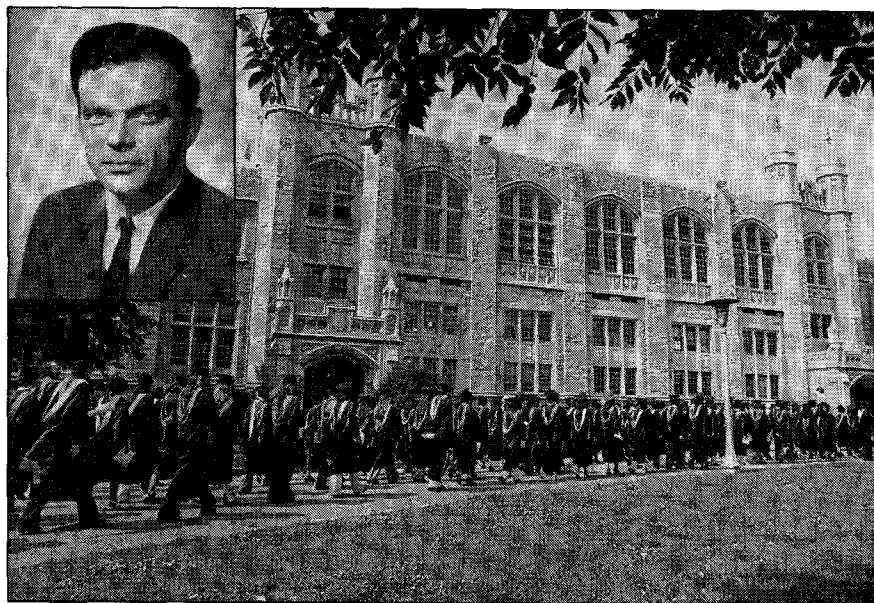
Lief oversees a team of five Lehman professors who volunteer their non-teaching hours to make the rounds of Bronx high schools and tout the college's virtues. He also holds strategy sessions and turns out position papers for Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams and other local politicians on why the borough must save its only CUNY senior college.

"Most of my time these days," Lief laments, "is spent tearing the place down. I've been here 22 years, but the past year and a half has been torture." But Lief's headaches are likely to worsen, for Lehman College is only a pawn in the broader political struggle under way between the city and the state. Outwardly, the battle is being fought in the name of open access, educational excellence, and social responsibility, but in reality this is a duel between Mayor Beame and Governor Carey.

The contest is over money, and the loser is expected to foot more of the bill for CUNY's ten senior colleges. Each contestant has weighed in with surrogates on the Board of Higher Education, CUNY's fifteen-member governing body: Harold Jacobs, a philanthropist and a spinoff of the same Brooklyn machine as Beame, is the mayor's man; David Robinson, a Carnegie Foundation executive, watches over Carey's interests.

The Beame forces maintain that the state should pay the same portion of the bill for CUNY's senior colleges as it does for SUNY, the state's other public behemoth. No, replies the Carey camp—the governor's budget already calls for the state to cough up an unprecedented 75 percent of CUNY's

Ronald I. Rubin is a professor of social science at the Borough of Manhattan Community College, a unit of the City University of New York.



Political pawn: *Lehman College, headed by Leonard Lief (inset), struggles on.*

senior-college costs, up from 50 percent. If the city wants public colleges which offer special urban-oriented services, they say, then it can pay for them. The Carey faction is now holding the upper hand as Board of Higher Education-approved ads urging continued city funding of CUNY's four-year colleges are aired on the radio. And did you notice, Mr. Mayor, that Bob Wagner has surfaced as a principal strategist in this "Friends of CUNY" campaign?

Playing the role of monkey-in-the-middle as Beame and Carey toss the CUNY ball back and forth is the poker-faced CUNY chancellor, Robert Kibbee. This is the same Kibbee who so completely misread the political signals last year that he stonewalled any revamping of the university. After foot-dragging in the face of disaster for six months, the only solution he could come up with was to shut down the entire university system for two weeks last June. Of all the indignities which have stripped CUNY of its once proud reputation, this episode overshadows the rest. Even now, Kibbee still shrinks from making the long-range decisions warranted by the city's crisis and a dwindling college-age population—namely, are CUNY's priorities to educate what remains of the city's middle class, to educate the growing numbers of poorly prepared minority high school graduates, or to rival Columbia and NYU

in research and graduate studies?

The absence of decisive leadership paves the way for the parade of politicians and blue-ribbon panels which regularly present plans of their own as to how CUNY should be molded. Kibbee and the educational bureaucrats at the university's East 80th Street headquarters respond to these recommendations with moralizing messages warning that further budget cuts will signal "the self-destruction of the university in a holocaust of colleges, students, and faculty." The scenario that Kibbee fears most is having the state pick up the entire cost of CUNY's senior colleges. Where his script calls this move the "dismantling of CUNY and the compression of its mission," read: SUNY takes over CUNY.

Correctly Kibbee senses that in autonomy there is power, but if SUNY is the culprit in this enterprise, it has its own reasons. Even SUNY's most rabid empire-builders recognize that merging the two units would result in a colossus, numbering nearly a half-million students, that would be administratively unmanageable. Simply creating a university superbureaucracy without paring down the "something for everyone" philosophy clashes with Hugh Carey's directive that "the days of wine and roses" are over. And while Abe Beame draws the fine distinction between SUNY's paying for CUNY (which he wants) and SUNY's setting policy for

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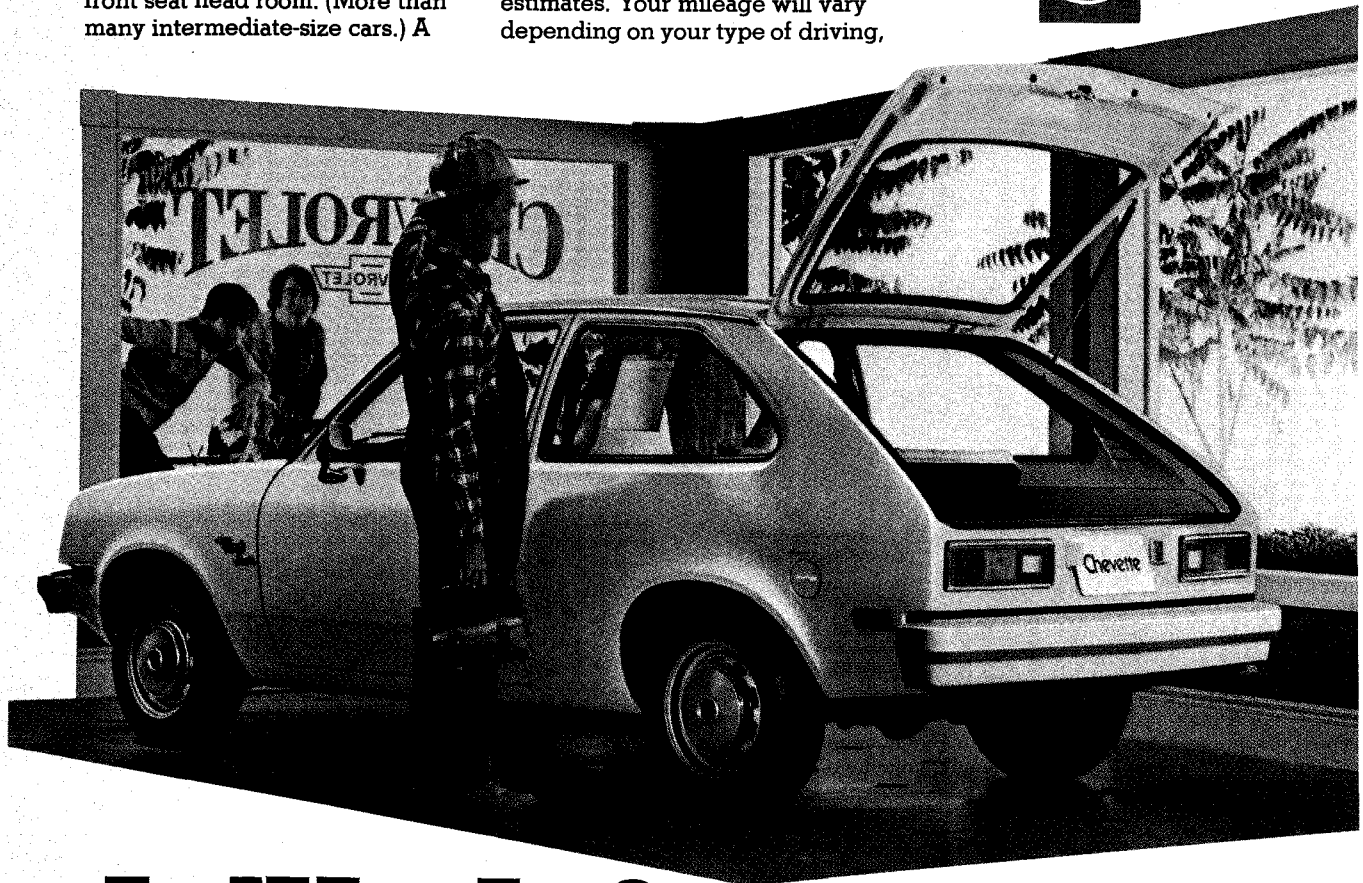
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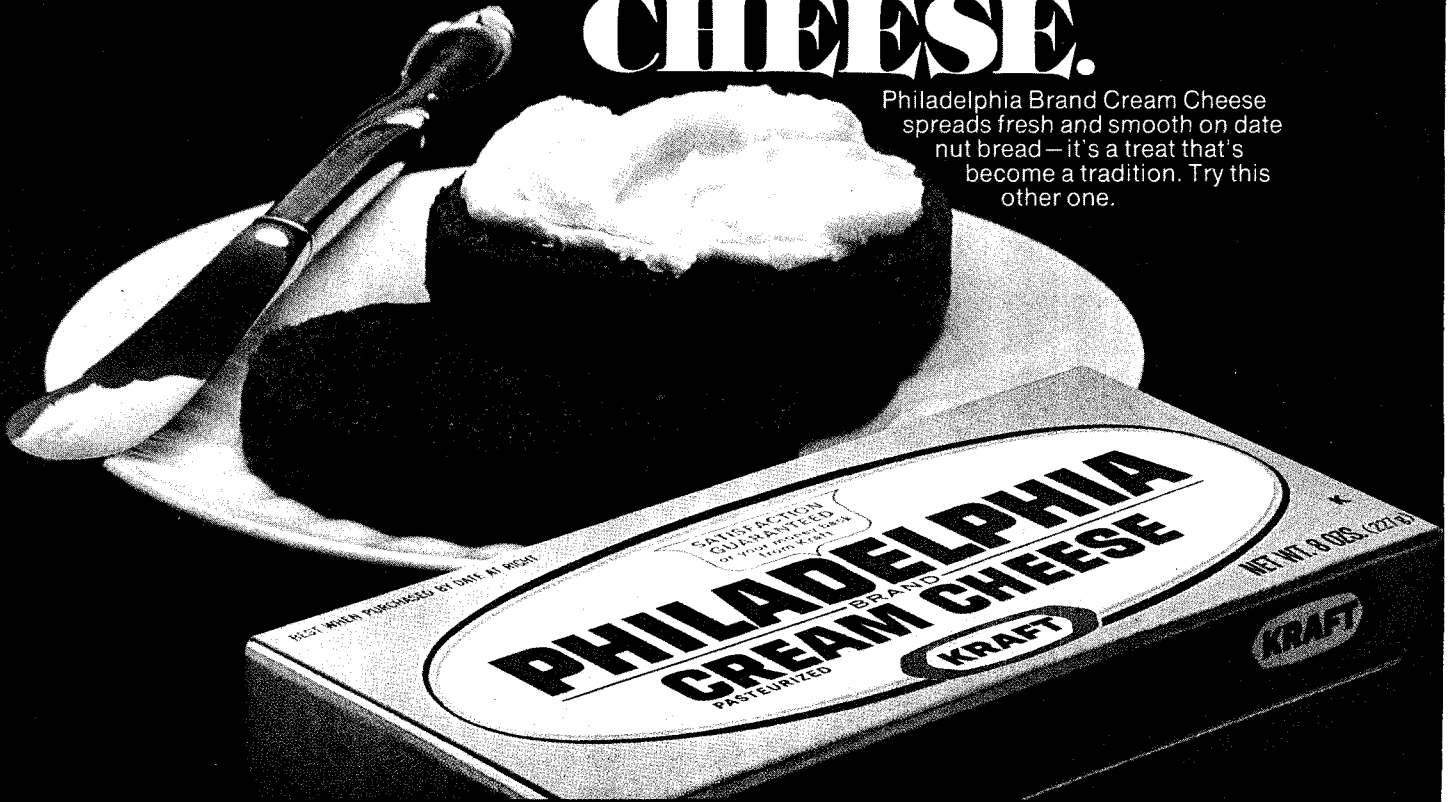
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1 egg	3 eggs
$\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour	
3 8-oz. pkgs. PHILADELPHIA BRAND Cream Cheese	1 cup dairy sour cream
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	2 tablespoons sugar
	1 teaspoon vanilla
	21-oz. can cherry pie filling

Cream margarine and sugar until light and fluffy; blend in egg. Add flour; mix well. Spread dough with spatula on bottom and $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inches high around sides of 9-inch springform pan. Bake at 450°, 5 minutes.

Combine softened cream cheese, sugar, juice and rind, mixing until well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition.

Pour mixture into crust. Bake at 450°, 10 minutes. Reduce oven temperature to 300°; continue baking 30 minutes.

Combine sour cream, sugar and vanilla. Carefully spread over cheesecake. Continue baking 10 minutes. Loosen cake from rim of pan. Chill. Before serving, top with pie filling.



CUNY (which he disclaims), those who rally to the battle cry of "Save CUNY" want no part of upstate educators.

Don't conclude that SUNY wants to keep CUNY flourishing. With the City University a shadow of its former self and with tuition costs now virtually the same for the two units, SUNY easily draws off graduates of New York City high schools to campuses like Stony Brook, Buffalo, and Binghamton. A state university system which ten years ago was the place to go if you wanted to study elementary education or farm economics now competes successfully against the city colleges for graduates of the Bronx High School of Science. While CUNY dangles, SUNY is likely to remain fat in these lean years because of hundreds of millions of dollars of unspent construction funds at its disposal.

Other predators are positioned to swoop down on a weakened CUNY. Leading the pack is John Sawhill, the former federal energy czar whom NYU brought in to straighten out its finances. Conceding the value of CUNY's community colleges—"Public universities have the responsibility of developing manpower pools to support the city's economic base"—Sawhill's main complaint against CUNY is its graduate liberal-arts program. CUNY's graduate courses, says Sawhill, "duplicate" NYU's offerings, and each institution should stick with what it does best. Besides, Sawhill is committed to raising NYU faculty salaries this year. He eagerly pulled out a chart showing by how much CUNY supposedly overpays its teachers compared with the city and state academic scales.

Waiting in the wings statewide is the 106-member lobbying body of private colleges, the Commission on Independent Colleges and Universities (CICU), headed by Henry Paley, who came face to face with CUNY's weaknesses in the eight years he served as deputy to the chancellor. Paley, in taking exception to the classification of his pressure group as "private" rather than "independent," says, "We are not exclusive or restrictive, adjectives that the word *private* implies." The CUNY crisis, according to Paley, shows that the government well is running dry and that the taxpayer is beginning to realize how much cheaper it is to provide a sheepskin through the private—rather than public-college sector. The privates argue that because they save New York hundreds of millions of dollars annually by not shunting their students into the public sector, it is they, rather than an overextended CUNY-SUNY conglomerate, that deserve more tax dollars.

In the face of onslaughts from all

quarters, CUNY's best strategy would be to present a united front. Instead, each college seems to have drawn up its own survival plan, suggesting that it remain intact while the other eighteen units be either merged, shut, restructured, or reordered. The "big four" senior colleges (Hunter, City, Queens, and Brooklyn) pass themselves off as the founts of CUNY's eminence, whereas Lief and the other college presidents maintain that the provinces are no less worthy of sustaining the groves of academe. "Under open admissions, we were given ill-prepared students and we've done a good job educating them," says Lief. "Now we're faulted because we did just that. It's despicable what the older colleges are saying; it's analogous to trying to save the first-class passengers on the *Titanic* and letting the others drown."

Drowning, overcrowded lifeboats and lifelines, and survival are metaphors frequently overheard in the conversations of CUNY faculty. "I know Arthur Schlesinger and Irving Howe will always have jobs," notes an untenured professor at Brooklyn College, "but I don't want to be given 30 days' notice in August not to report in September." Not only are CUNY faculty inundating the mail with résumés, but more subtle planning for the future is taking place in other forms: more active attendance at academic conferences, renewal of graduate-school ties, and applications for visiting professorships at other universities. "I've gotten calls late into the night," reports an NYU mathematician, "asking for recommendations, from my former graduate students now teaching at CUNY who are panicking and jumping at the slimmest job leads."

In the immediate future, CUNY will be a major issue on the local level in the mayoral primary and election. Statewide, the university's financing depends on what compromises Governor Carey is willing to strike with the New York City Democratic delegation.

So the future of CUNY boils down to politics. If so, maybe we'll hear Leonard Lief intoning the following message one morning next June to the assemblage overlooking the Jerome Park Reservoir: "Today, you, the graduates, should feel gratitude to the people who made it all possible, to the professors and to the deans, but most of all to Councilmen Stanley Simon and Barry Salzman, to Assemblymen Oliver Koppell and Tom Culhane, to State Senators Abe Bernstein and John Flynn, to Borough President Robert Abrams, to District Leader Eleanor Chaifetz . . ."



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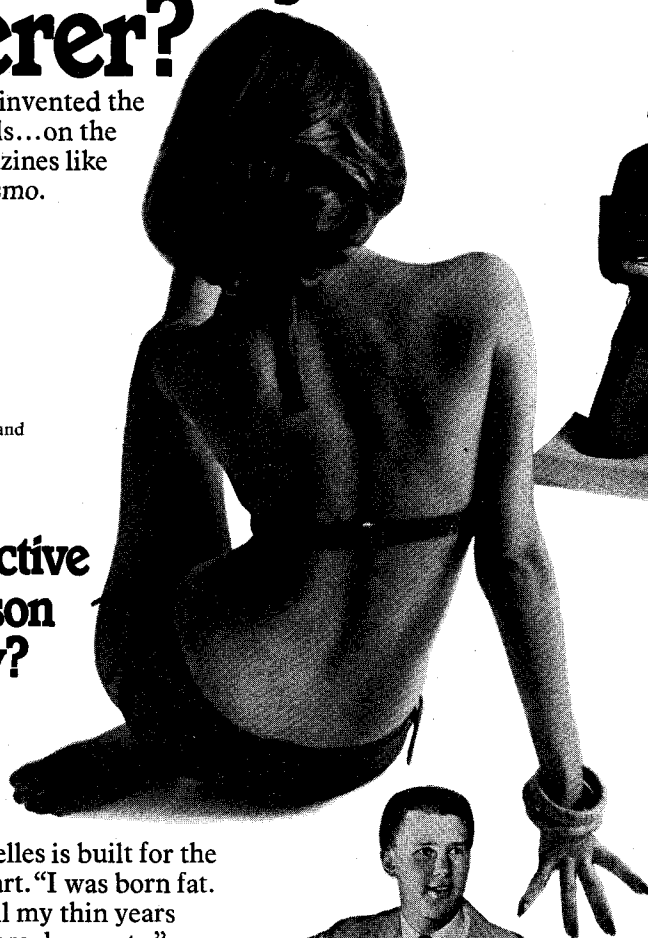
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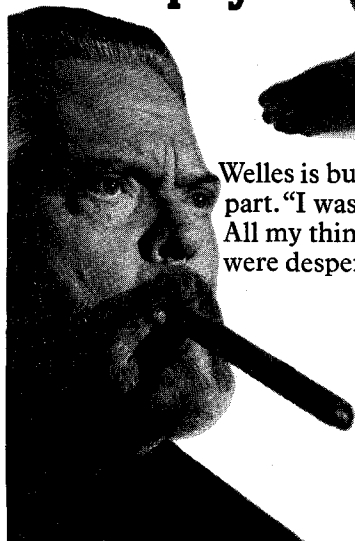
1. Who's today's master cover girl coverer?

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Oxford Mail, Co Rentmeester, and
Thomas Victor.



3. What detective would Orson like to play?



Welles is built for the part. "I was born fat. All my thin years were desperate."



4. Who's this sex symbol?

At Oxford years ago, he looked young and innocent. Now—wow!

5. Who's back on her toes again?

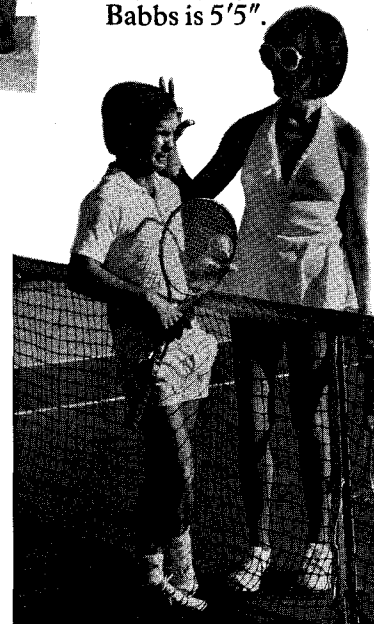
After a year's loaf, she's once more big in ballet. Nearly 6 feet, in fact.



ANSWERS:
1. Photographer Francesco Scavullo.
2. 4'11".
3. Gournand gumshoe.
4. Kris Kristofferson.
5. Cynthia Gregory.

2. How tall is Willie Shoemaker?

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It's a rare thing indeed for a corporate executive to tell a reporter, knowing full well it's for publication, that his boss, the president of the company, "is incompetent, unfit to be the chief executive . . . and has embarked on a course that could seriously damage the earnings viability of the company for the next several years."

Well, that's precisely what happened to me recently. I had heard that William Robert "Bob" Stone, formerly the executive vice-president of E. F. Johnson Company and, when we talked, the special assistant to its president, Richard Horner, had openly denounced Horner to a sophisticated money manager on Wall Street as "a poor executive who is screwing up the company."

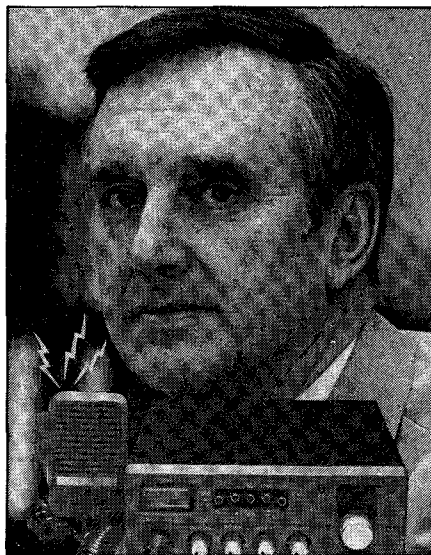
Clearly, I couldn't let such a comment go idly by. E. F. Johnson, a hot growth company in recent years (its earnings shot up from 33 cents a share in 1971 to \$2.40 in 1975), is the nation's biggest manufacturer of citizens'-band radios. But as probably everybody knows, this business—reflecting a glut of some 2 million outmoded 23-channel sets at the manufacturer and distributor levels—is in a pretty sorry state. And if Stone's remarks are valid, they could provide a significant warning that E. F. Johnson's problems run a lot deeper than anyone imagines.

I gave Stone a buzz last week at his home in Waseca, Minnesota, and he readily confirmed what he had said. "Horner has taken unjustified risks and the odds are great that many of his decisions are unsound," he said.

It should be pointed out that there's no love lost between the two men. Horner hired Stone in April of 1974 as executive vice-president at \$48,000 a year. But then, without any explanation, Stone tells me, he was demoted to senior vice-president in May of last year. Stone was demoted again last December to special assistant to Horner at a 50 percent cut in salary. He was told at the time that he had until the end of June to find himself a new job.

I checked on Stone with three different sources—a former employer (he has been associated with IBM, General Electric, and A. B. Dick), one of his current associates, and a money manager who knows him. He got a solid rating from all three.

Stone, clear and unemotional, told



Horner: Too chummy with Merrill Lynch?

me Horner had made some "grave mistakes" that could cause serious problems. He said Horner had foolishly committed the company to new land purchases in the United States for expansion, while the competition was expanding abroad to capitalize on tax incentives and lower manufacturing costs. "We're building up a lot of fixed overhead . . . that could destroy our competitive position," Stone said.

Stone was also critical of Horner for being so manufacturing-oriented that he had totally lost sight of the importance of marketing. He observed, for example, that "our customers are saying our radios are ugly and we're telling them it'll cost too much to change. I wonder how stupid Horner can be. Doesn't he realize this is bound to hurt us in the long run?" Stone also suggested that a good part of the firm's product line—namely the CB radios built by Magnavox—is not as competitive as it might be, since the radios are costing E. F. Johnson \$10 more apiece than they would if Johnson had built them itself. Stone also rapped Horner for failing to protect loyal distributors against product-price declines.

On another matter, Stone told me Horner had been relaying information on the company's results to an analyst at Merrill Lynch before making the same data public. He suggested that an examination of Merrill Lynch's research reports and wires on E. F. Johnson would demonstrate this was so.

Stone has some stock options but laments that they're not yet exercisable.

"I'd sell the stock if I could, even though it's down, because 1977—with the growing competition from RCA, Motorola, and General Electric—figures to be a very tough year." (E. F. Johnson shares, as high as 33¾ last year, have since fallen to about 13½.)

Horner, as you might suspect, was hardly ecstatic about Stone's comments. "Stone was doing a poor job, his ego has been shattered, and that's why he's bad-mouthing the company," an angry Horner told me. He added that Stone—because of his comments to me—had started a chain of events that would hurt him. (He was right. The day after I spoke to Horner, he ordered Stone out of the company's offices.)

Horner, though reluctant to talk about Stone's allegations, insisted he had not given Merrill Lynch inside information. He also declared that "we have the best wholesale distribution program in the industry." And he said the company's purchases of U.S. real estate for expansion were made when foreign expansion would have been unsound because of unfavorable political, inflationary, and currency trends.

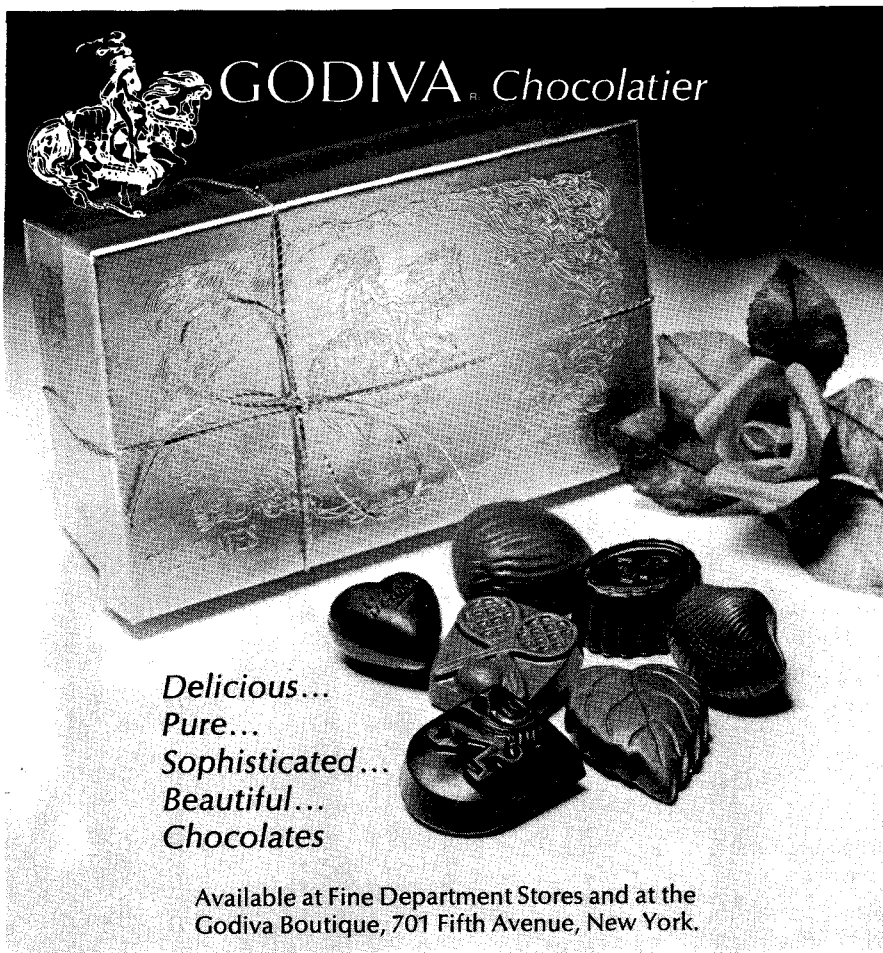
As we went to press, E. F. Johnson's 1976 results had not yet been reported. Still unclear was whether there might be a write-down of the company's estimated inventory of some 200,000 23-channel sets. Horner, though, thought analysts' estimates of 50 to 60 cents a share in earnings for 1976—roughly a 75 percent drop from 1975 levels—might be a reasonable expectation.

Some avid supporters of E. F. Johnson are quick to argue that a resumption of the company's growth is pretty much assured in 1977. Alas, that's not the kind of message I got from Horner. His assessment: "An uncertain year for us . . . and the industry."

Payoffs Along the Nile

Revelations about Boeing Company's foreign payoffs figure to be one of 1977's biggest corporate scandals.

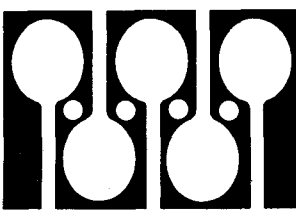
Washington sources tell me worried State Department officials are trying to keep everything under wraps for fear of damaging U.S. foreign relations. This concern is such, I'm told, that it has led to a hassle between the State Department and the Securities and Exchange Commission. The SEC is conducting an intensive investigation of Boeing's foreign payments, which re-



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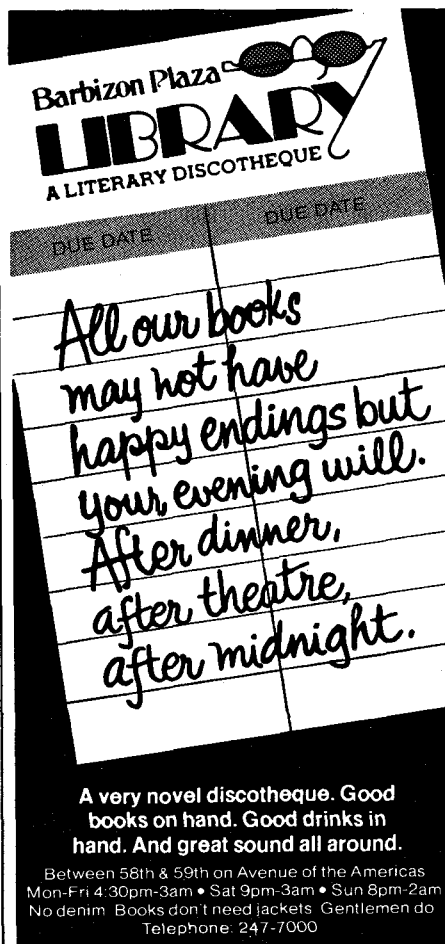
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portedly exceeded \$100 million over the last six to seven years. At present, the SEC is prohibited by court order from releasing any details.

I can readily understand the State Department's anxiety. The United States has very delicate relations with some of the countries involved in the payoffs. Egypt, for example, is involved. One source tells me the Boeing payments involve some of the highest officials in the Sadat government, as well as Egyptian airline officials. To compensate for these payments, Boeing, according to reports, may have overcharged the Egyptian government many millions of dollars for its aircraft—perhaps by as much as \$25 million.

There are also reports that the president of one country—perhaps Venezuela—may have been overcharged by as much as \$3 million for a plane to make up for the payoffs.

Other countries said to be involved in the Boeing payoffs include Syria, Kuwait, Iran, India, and Argentina.

Boeing has previously acknowledged \$70 million in foreign payments between 1971 and 1975—but it has called them “proper commissions.”

Tough Talk, Soft Action ?

New York's major banks and some city officials are likely to come in for tough criticism in a hush-hush report currently being written by the New York office of the Securities and Exchange Commission on its investigation into the city's financial crisis. I hear this from a source close to some SEC staffers handling the investigation, which covered the circumstances surrounding the sale of municipal securities, primarily in 1974 and early 1975. Some SEC staffers, I'm told, are convinced the city and some banks sold notes and bonds to the public knowing fully of the city's financial mess.

From October of 1974 to March of 1975 (when the city was closed out of the credit market), New York City sold \$2.875-billion worth of short-term notes. It's estimated that the big New York banks, in the same period, unloaded at least \$2 billion of city securities. In addition, the banks, in the same period, heightened the city's financial woes by refusing to buy new city securities as older securities matured.

What the commission will do about its New York staff's report will be decided by the SEC's brass in Washington. Solid sources, though, suggest that the worst penalty will be a critical report. There's little if any chance of criminal or civil action, they say. What is likely, I'm told, is that the SEC will call for stronger standards to regulate the sale of municipal securities.

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(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, February 9

SHE'S IN DANGER!



Sophia Loren is one of the thousand passengers on a plague-infested Geneva-to-Stockholm luxury train, hurtling across Europe to concentration camp quarantine in **The Cassandra Crossing**, with Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, Ingrid Thulin and 995 others. Directed by George P. Cosmatos. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; 34th St East.

Fun with Dick and Jane—Ted Kotcheff's comedy about an upper middle-class couple who turn to crime when he loses his job as an aerospace industry executive. With George Segal and Jane Fonda. Loews State I; Loews Tower East.

Twilight's Last Gleaming—Robert Aldrich's latest film is laid somewhere in the near future but tries to come to grips with our recent past and its possibly fearless consequences. It acts as if it had discovered the Vietnam-Watergate debacle on behalf of Hollywood filmmaking. But even if you think the entire thing ridiculous, it does not propel you toward the exit. Loews State II; Loews Orpheum; East Side; Loews Triplex.

Thursday, February 10

The Late Show—If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Sutton.

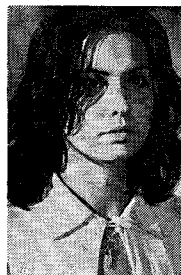
Friday, February 11

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's first film in English, starring Donald Sutherland as the notorious 18th-century libertine and Tina Aumont as one of his passing fancies. Cinema I.

Thieves—A contemporary comedy, directed by John Berry and starring Mario Thomas and Charles Grodin, focusing on an urban marriage in crisis. Baronet.

THE MOVIES

SHE'S IN DANGER!



Cristina Raines stars in **The Sentinel**, thriller about a model's involvement with the bizarre and supernatural. Directed by Michael Winner, film also stars Chris Sarandon, Ava Gardner, Martin Balsam, John Carradine, Jose Ferrer, Arthur Kennedy, Burgess Meredith, Sylvia Miles, and Deborah Raffin. At Rivoli; 86th St E.

And Now My Love—Claude Lelouch is a filmmaker with a clever technique and grandiose ideas that fall flat. In this film the latter are even more in evidence than the former—even to summarize the plot would take a page or two—and we get the history of cinema, World War II, a round-the-world travelogue, existential philosophy, and much, much more leading to a mere boy-meets-girl finale. For fake profundities, unsurpassable. Nice acting by Charler Denner and Martha Keller. 2/11, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Bound for Glory—David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Coronet.

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio de Sica's next-to-last film shows the once exciting neo-realist director well after all the "neo" was gone, and with very little of the realism left. A sentimental tale about a young working-class wife exploited by her mean husband and in-laws. Having contracted TB she is sent to an improbably lush government-operated mountain sanatorium. Here she makes interesting friendships, and almost finds love and happiness with an absurdly lyrical young worker before her former life reclaims her. Despite the fascinating but inappropriate presence of Florida Bolkan in the lead, this can best be described as "The Magic Molehill." 2/8, 9, RKO 59th I.

Carrie—Brian DePalma's tale of horror starring Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie. Victoria 46th; U.A. East; thru 2/10, 8th St Cinema.

Car Wash—A cinematic look at the kaleidoscope of motley people—all the manual workers, the owner's son, the food concessionaires, the passersby—all in a day's work at a car wash. Michael Schultz directed the cast of mostly unknowns. From 2/9, Olympia; RKO Cinerama I.

A Clockwork Orange—Stanley Kubrick at his splashiest, most superficially aggressive and effect-ridden worst, with neither the verbal values of the Burgess novel, nor the human values inherent in the story captured and created on screen. Sensation-seekers may derive some simplistic satisfactions. Others are likely to lament the waste, the waste, the WASTE. 2/12, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Cookies (Les Galettes de Pont-Aven)—Written and directed by Joel Seria, the film makes every effort to be whimsical, touching, and outrageous by turns, but ends up showing mostly lots of effort. Here and there a bright moment peeps through. The whimsy, on the whole, is more convincing than the pathos. 68th St Playhouse.

Cousin, Cousine—A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullman's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. From 2/11, Gramercy; 2/13-15, Elgin.

Freaky Friday—Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster star as a mother and daughter who accidentally change places for a day. Rounding out the cast are John Astin, Kaye Ballard, Ruth Buzzi, and Patsy Kelly. A Walt Disney production. Guild; RKO 86th I.

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—A rather feeble novel yields an even weaker film from an exhausted Vittorio de Sica. The plot has become melodramatic, while the characters remain nebulous. The film is

mostly clichés wrapped in pastel-colored gauze through which it seems to be photographed, and the performances are at best acceptable, at worst (Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger) hollow simulacra. De Sica, Jr.'s soupy score is an additional burden. 2/8, 9, RKO 59th I.

Hard Times—Film purports to deal with the hardship of the Depression and has as much to do with that period as with Dickens. Charles Bronson plays, as usual, a mysterious nomad who drifts into illegal barefisted prizefighting, and the rickety plot is a mere excuse for frequent, long, and ugly scenes of fistcuffs. From 2/9, Olympia.

Harlan County, U.S.A.—Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Cinema II.

The Hindenburg—Robert Wise's film concerns an old disaster, comes when the disaster genre shows signs of age, and has plot, characters, and dialogue that, besides being improbable, are impossibly old-hat. Among its dubious distinctions is a score by David Shire that is one of the vilest ever concocted even for a disaster movie, and loud enough to be an explosion in itself. Another is the casting of Anne Bancroft as a German countess. Thru 2/9, Playboy.

How Funny Can Sex Be?—Film marks yet another step down in the always uneven but formerly sometimes dazzling oeuvre of Dino Risi. In his best films, he could attain a modest profundity. Here, he is profoundly tasteless, yet not entirely funny, in the eight sexual vignettes ranging from healthy vulgarity to perfect swinishness that should delight the pig in everyone. Giancarlo Giannini proves yet again what a delicious comedian he is. Thru 2/8, Olympia.

King Kong—This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Thru 2/8, Loews Orpheum; Loews State I. From 2/9, Embassy 49th.

King of Hearts—Philippe De Broca's comic parable in which the inmates of an asylum take over a small French town during World War I. With Genevieve Bujold, Alan Bates, Jean-Claude Brialy. Fine Arts.

The Last Tycoon—The movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book is an honorable failure, honorable because it tries to serve its vision of the original faithfully; failure because that vision falls considerably short of Fitzgerald's. Elia Kazan directed, and his naturalism laced with expressionistic touches introduces elements to disharmonize with Harold Pinter's screenplay, and Fitzgerald's book. Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr, the protagonist, is perfection itself, but Ingrid Boulting, the Kathleen, is disastrous. Thru 2/10, Cinema I; from 2/11, 8th St Cinema.

The Marquise of O...—Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. Embassy 72nd; D.W. Griffith; Quad.

Mean Streets—One of the most overestimated films of recent times, this love-and-hate letter by Martin Scorsese to the Little Italy he grew up in concerns its confused young punks, coyly sordid mafiosa, and friendship and love struggling against sterile and strangulating surroundings. Badly written and directed, with terrible photography and a sound track full of trashy old songs, the film has only a flashy performance by Robert De Niro to recommend it, but even he has been better elsewhere. There may be some grubby authenticity here, but much of it is merely sloppily improvised kid stuff. A street-corner movie. 2/10, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Network—Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Thru 2/8, Sutton; Paramount; from 2/9, Murray Hill; from 2/10, RKO 59th I.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther*, this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. Forum, Eastside, Trans-Lux 85th; Greenwich; Loews Triplex; Columbia II; from 2/8, Art; thru 2/10, Gramercy.

Providence—Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Cinema III.

Pumping Iron—A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellich explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. Plaza.

Rocky—This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Greenwich; Loews Triplex; Columbia I; thru 2/8, 86th E; Murray Hill; from 2/9, Embassy 46th; from 2/11, RKO 86th II.

La Salamandre—A journalist and a writer, for the sake of a TV program, dig up a girl who was accused of trying to shoot her uncle, and who now toils at a dull job. Freed from it, she becomes more or less involved with both men, and ends up as a drifter. A boring and pretentious film; but it is hard to say whether we are to blame Switzerland, whose social conditions it purports to denounce; or Alain Tanner, the overpraised filmmaker, who specializes in heavyhanded earnestness; or even the uninteresting cast, which includes the vastly overrated Bulle Ogier as the girl. 2/8, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze the cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Beekman; Quad; Little Carnegie.

Small Change—Francois Truffaut's film is small potatoes, a totally unstructured agglomeration of episodes, some charming, some ordinary, some tired and rather tiresome. It all leads up to nothing more than a lengthy tirade or homily by a sympathetic teacher who lectures his pupils about the need for comprehension and above. Thru 2/15, Waverly.

A Star Is Born—This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to be both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Ziegfeld; thru 2/10, Baronet; from 2/16, Waverly.

Stay Hungry—It is one thing for director Bob Rafelson to make a movie about body builders who muscle in on certain beaches where they become objects of mingled awe and ridicule, but it is quite another for him to make these fanatics with no room in their bodies for a mind, healthy or otherwise, into a symbol of noble striving. However, Jeff Bridges is good as always: natural and winning. Thru 2/10, RKO 86th II; RKO Cinerama II.

Two-Minute Warning—100,000 people; 32 exits; one sniper...at a football game! Suspense drama, directed by Larry Peerce, features Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, David Janssen, Jack Klugman, Walter Pidgeon, Gena Rowlands, and 100,000 others. Thru 2/9, Playboy.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). From 2/8, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*.

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 2/10, *A Star Is Born*. From 2/11, *Thieves*.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*.

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 2/8, *Avant Garde films*. 2/9, *The Devil is a Woman*; *Shanghai Gesture*. 2/10, *Scarlet Empress*; *The Devil is a Woman*. 2/11, *Queen Christina*; *Scarlet Empress*. 2/12, *Camille*; *Queen Christina*. 2/13, *Grand Hotel*; *Camille*. 2/14, *Bonaparte*. 2/15, *Avant-Garde films*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 2/8, *La Salamandre*; *Charles—Dead or Alive*. 2/9, *Babes in Arms*; *Ziegfeld Girl*. 2/10, *Who's That Knocking on My Door?*; *Mean Streets*. 2/11, *And Now My Love*; *Happy New Year*. 2/12, *A Clockwork Orange*; *Wild in the Streets*. 2/13, *Le Plaisir*; *The Shop Around the Corner*. 2/14, *Contempt*; *Two Weeks in Another Town*. 2/15, *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*; *That Man from Rio*.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 2/10, *The Last Tycoon*. From 2/11, *Fellini Casanova*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Providence*.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky*.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bound for Glory*.

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *The Marquise of O...*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 2/8, *The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio*. From 2/9, *Twilight's Last Gleaming*.

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 2/10, *Carrie*; *Burnt Offerings*. From 2/11, *The Last Tycoon*.

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). Thru 2/10, *Rocky*. From 2/11, *The Sentinel*.

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th 2/8, *Psycho*; *Spellbound*; *The Paradine Case*. 2/9, *Sword of Doom*; *Kill*. 2/10-12, *Rebecca*; *Notorious*; *Frenzy*. 2/13-15, *Cries and Whispers*; *Face to Face*; *Hour of the Wolf*. (675-0935).

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). Thru 2/8, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. From 2/9, *Rocky*.

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). Thru 2/8, *Marathon Man*. From 2/9, *King Kong*.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Marquise of O...*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The King of Hearts*.

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 2/10, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*. From 2/11, *Face to Face*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Rocky*.

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). *Freaky Friday*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*.

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). Thru 2/8, *Voyage of the Damned*. From 2/9, *The Cassandra Crossing*.

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 2/8, *Voyage of the Damned*. From 2/9, *The Cassandra Crossing*.

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 2/8, *King Kong*. From 2/9, *Twilight's Last Gleaming*.

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 2/8, *King Kong*. From 2/9, *Fun with Dick and Jane*.

II. Thru 2/8, *Rocky*. From 2/9, *Twilight's Last Gleaming*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 2/8, *Silver Streak*. From 2/9, *Fun with Dick and Jane*.

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Rocky*. II. *Freaky Friday*. III. *Twilight's Last Gleaming*.

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). Thru 2/8, *Rocky*. From 2/9, *Twilight's Last Gleaming*.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7078). 2/8, noon, Swedish film classics; 2:30, *The Girl from Stormycroft*; 6 p.m. *What's Happening?* 2/10, 2:30, *An Affair of the Skin*; 6 p.m. Thomas Graal's best film; 8:30, *The Outlaw and his Wife*. 2/11, 2:30, *The Outlaw and his Wife*; 6 p.m. *An Affair of the Skin*. 2/12, noon, *Happy Landing*; 2:30, Thomas Graal's best film; 5 p.m. *Alexander the Great*. 2/13, noon, *Happy Landing*; 2:30, Thomas Graal's best film; 5 p.m. *Kino Pravda*. 2/14, noon, *Kristianstad-Film Staden*; 2:30, *Alexander the Great*; 6 p.m. New York film shorts. 2/15, noon, *Kristianstad-Film Staden*; 2:30, Thomas Graal's best film; 6 p.m. *What's Happening?*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Swept Away*; *The Man Who Fell to Earth*.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/8, *How Funny Can Sex Be?*; *Where Does It Hurt?* From 2/9, *Car Wash*; *Hard Times*.

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). Thru 2/8, *Network*. Theater closed 2/9-3/1 for renovation.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine*.

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/9, *Two-Minute Warning*; *The Hindenburg*.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Pumping Iron*. (Live body building demonstrations after evening performances.)

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.) I. *The Marquise of O...* II. Thru 2/8, *Madam Kitty*. From 2/9, *Guernica*; *Viva la Muerte*. III. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. IV. Thru 2/8, *The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio*. From 2/9, *Through the Looking Glass*.

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 2/8,9, *In a Lonely Place*; *Knock on Any Door*. 2/10-12, *Lost Horizon* (Ronald Colman); *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*. 2/13-15, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*; *The Marrying Kind*.

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). From 2/11, *The Sentinel*.

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 2/8, *Thou Shalt Not Kill*; *Dragon Squad*. From 2/9, *Car Wash*; *Trick Baby*. II. Thru 2/10, *Stay Hungry*; *Gator*. From 2/11, *Shadows in an Empty Room*; *Rape Squad*.

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. Thru 2/9, From 2/10, *Network*. *The Enforcer*. II. 2/8,9, *Garden of the Finzi-Continis*; *A Brief Vacation*. 2/10-12, *Nights of Cabiria*; *Clowns*. 2/13-15, *Shadows in an Empty Room*; *Rape Squad*.

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 2/8, From 2/9, *Silver Streak*. Thru 2/10, *Freaky Friday*. II. *Stay Hungry*; *Gator*. From 2/11, *Rocky*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). To be announced.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). Thru 2/8, *How Funny Can Sex Be*; *The Seduction of Mimi*. 2/9-15, *Car Wash*.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Cookies*.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). Thru 2/8, *Network*. From 2/10, *The Late Show*.

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). *Elevator to the Gallows*.

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 2/8,9, *Detective Story*; *Carrie* (Jennifer Jones). 2/10, *An American Tragedy*; *Jennie Gerhardt*; 2/11,12, *Sorry Wrong Number*; *Strange Love of Martha Ivers*. 2/13,14, *The Human Comedy*; *Our Town*. 2/15,16, *Ghost Ship*; *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 2/10, *Voyage of the Damned*. From 2/11, *The Cassandra Crossing*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Madam Kitty*.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Carrie*.

Victoria, 46th & Bdway (354-5636). *Carrie*.

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 2/15, *Small Change*. From 2/16, *A Star Is Born*.

Ziegfeld, 54th betw 6th & 7th (765-7600). *A Star Is Born*.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, February 8

American Buffalo—A new play by David (Sexual Perversity in Chicago) Mamet which takes place in a junk shop and deals with two old men and a youth who becomes involved in a robbery. With Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. Previews now prior to a 2/16 opening. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Caesar and Cleopatra—Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley star in the George Bernard play, directed by Ellis Raab. With Paul Hecht, Novella Nelson, and Patrick Hines. Previews now prior to a 2/15 opening. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

The Cherry Orchard—A revival of the Chekhov play, adapted by Jean-Claude van Itallie, directed by Andrei Serban. With Irene Worth, George Voskovec, Raul Julia, Meryl Streep, Marybeth Hurt, Cathryn Damon. Previews now prior to a 2/17 opening. Runs thru 4/3. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

A Party with Betty Comden & Adolph Green—An evening of entertainment utilizing songs and comedy material they have written over the years. Previews now prior to a 2/10 opening. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Piaf... A Remembrance—A new play by David Cohen, based on the late French singer's life, directed by Lee Rachman. With Juliette Koka, Edmund Lyndeck, and Lou Bedford. Previews now prior to a 2/14 opening. Playhouse, 359 W 48th St (541-9820).

Friday, February 11

Unexpected Guests—A new comedy by Jordan Crittenden about events that occur to a man who comes home from work to find his wife has run off with a cello salesman. With Jerry Stiller, Zohra Lampert, Anne Ives, Michael Vale. Directed by Charles Grodin. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/23 opening. Little Theater, 240 W 44th St (221-6425).

CURRENT

Bubbling Brown Sugar—About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite—Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Marge Redmond, and George Grizzard look as foolish as they are made to sound. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

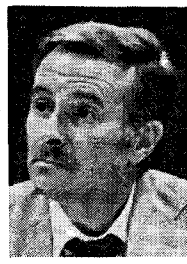
Chicago—A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. (J.S.) On 2/7, Ann Reinking replaces Gwen Verdon. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians—Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smoke-bombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land—Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

ORIGINAL SHRINK RETURNS



Alec McCowen, who created the role of Martin Dysart, the psychiatrist, is back in Peter Shaffer's *Equus* for four weeks, beginning February 15th. He'll be replacing Anthony Perkins, who's off for a month for a film commitment. At the Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th Street (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof—Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Winter Garden, 1634 Bway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell—Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to J.C. *Superstar*'s also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease—An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. (J.S.) Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Guys and Dolls—Damon Runyon's Broadway lingo has been translated by Billy Wilson into black jive, with results more joyous than anyone might have dreamed possible. This is one of the best of all recent musical revivals, and Frank Loesser's flawless score makes 25 years' sound like overnight. The cast — led by Ernestine Jackson, an absolute charmer, as Sarah; Norma Donaldson as a wonderfully brassy Adelaide; James Randolph and Robert Guillaume as the top gamblers — hasn't a weak member. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2 & 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Broadway, Bway at 53rd (247-7992).

Ipi-Tombi—Tepid, tedious revue about nobility and suffering among South Africans, with bland songs (by Bertha Egnos) that purport to capture the native essence but are actually cheap, sentimental ripoffs of a culture surely more vital than portrayed here. The ethnic verities are about on a level with *Hiawatha*. Harkness, Bway at 63rd (581-6000).

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

My Fair Lady—Jerry Adler's direction tends to draw heavy lines under the best-loved moments, but he cannot obliterate this memento of popular musical theater's brightest creation. Christine Andreas's Eliza sounds better than it looks, but Ian Richardson is a flinty Higgins, and George Rose a roistering Doolittle. Tues thru Sat; evenings at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 3/13, Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

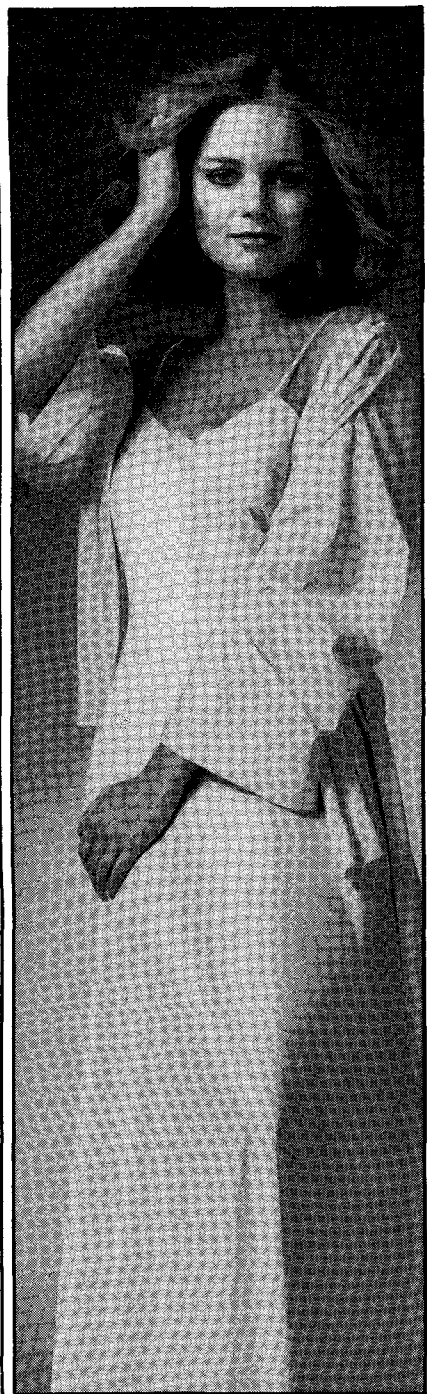
Night of the Iguana—Not Tennessee Williams's best play, but also not as dull and flat as made out in this generally misguided revival. As the tormented, defrocked preacher, Richard Chamberlain is all juvenile redneck, given to gargling his best lines; as the object of his seedy love-games, Sylvia Miles comes on like a defrocked thug. Joseph Hardy's direction cannot cover these inadequacies, and the drab lighting by H. R. Poindexter further drains the play of much of its rudimentary poetry. Thru 2/20. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bway, nr 8th Ave (581-0720).

Oh! Calcutta!—Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Weeknights at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

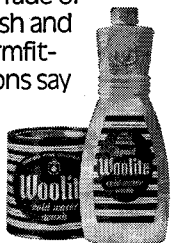
Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay stars in a new play by Simon (Butley) Gray as a publisher who is constantly interrupted when he wants nothing more than to listen to his new Wagner recordings. With Michael Lombard, Nicholas Coster, John Horton, Carolyn Lagerfeld. Directed by Harold Pinter. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Pippin—The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. (J.S.) Mon, Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

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The Robber Bridegroom—Eudora Welty's folk-fable turned into a country-music jamboree by Alfred Uhry (words) and Robert Waldman (music). The show has a certain seedy, kicky charm, but the songs aren't much in themselves and Gerald Freedman's direction tends to drive some of the jokes into the ground. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Same Time, Next Year—Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. (J.S.) Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah—A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. (J.S.) Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes posing for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Heilzapoppin'*. Ugh. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Trip Back Down—John Collum wanders through John Bishop's play with a worried look, which could mean that he has read it. Mr. Bishop—who, the program ingenuously points out, had only *thought* about writing until three years ago—is here concerned with an out-of-luck racing-car driver who returns home in search of "the answers." The Pits. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The Wiz—New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. (J.S.) Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God—The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Alma the Ghost of Spring Street—Ozzie Rodriguez's play, based on true accounts surrounding the death, trial, and curse of Alma Sands. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 2/10-13; and 2/17-20 at 10 p.m. \$4. La Mama Experimental Theater Club, 74A East 4th St (254-6468).

Another Way To Love—Dramatization of sex fantasies. Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Loft Cabaret Theater. 127 Grand St (580-9119).

The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria—Fernando Arrabal play, with Ronald Perlman and Lazaro Perez. Thru 2/12, at 8 p.m. \$6. LaMama's Annex, 66 E 4th St (475-7710).

Ashes—David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Brownsville Raid—Douglas Turner Ward stars in a play by Charles Fuller which takes place on a U.S. army post in that Texas town in 1906, when, it was reported, a troop of black career soldiers

raided the town. Directed by Israel Hicks, it's a tenth anniversary Negro Ensemble Company production. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun 2:30 & 7. Thru 2/27, Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Castaways—By Stimac, Anderson & Whyte, a musical, based on an early American play of Mordecai Noah, directed by Tony Tanner, with Kathleen Widdoes. Promenade Theater, Bdway & 76th St (799-7690).

The Club—It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

The Crazy Locomotive—Stage magic abounds in Chelsea's revival of this 1930s curio by Stanislaw Witkiewicz; a realistic locomotive, a scary train crash, fancy costumes, lights, and music. Maybe it doesn't matter, therefore, that the play itself, a tepid spoof of mad-scientist serials, derails itself early on. But maybe it does. Thru 2/13, Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of William Inge's play, directed by Ron Troutman. From 2/10. ELT Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

David Mamet's Plays—*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations*, two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazackas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Thru 2/28, Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Don't Cry, Child, Your Father's in America—A new play by Herb Schapiro about Lower East Side immigrants in New York, directed by Mark Tilley. Three weekends, thru 2/20, \$2.50. Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Double Bill—Ramon Delgado's *Once Below a Light-house*, and Richard Hall's *The Love Match*. Wed thru Sat at 9 p.m. Thru 2/19, \$4. The Glines, 260 West Bdway (925-2619).

Double Bill—GBS's *How He Lied to Her Husband*, and *Annajanska*; both directed by Arthur Reel. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 3/20. \$3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill—Susan Yankowitz's *Still Life*, and Samuel Beckett's *The Expelled*, directed by Rhea Gaisner. Thurs thru Sun, thru 2/13, at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Women's Interart Center, 549 W 52nd (575-9415).

Double Bill—August Strindberg's *Playing with Fire*, and John Mortimer's *Lunch Hour*; both directed by Charles Maryan. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3; Mon at 7, thru 2/14. \$2.50. Counterpoint, 333 Sixth Ave at W 4th (799-6954).

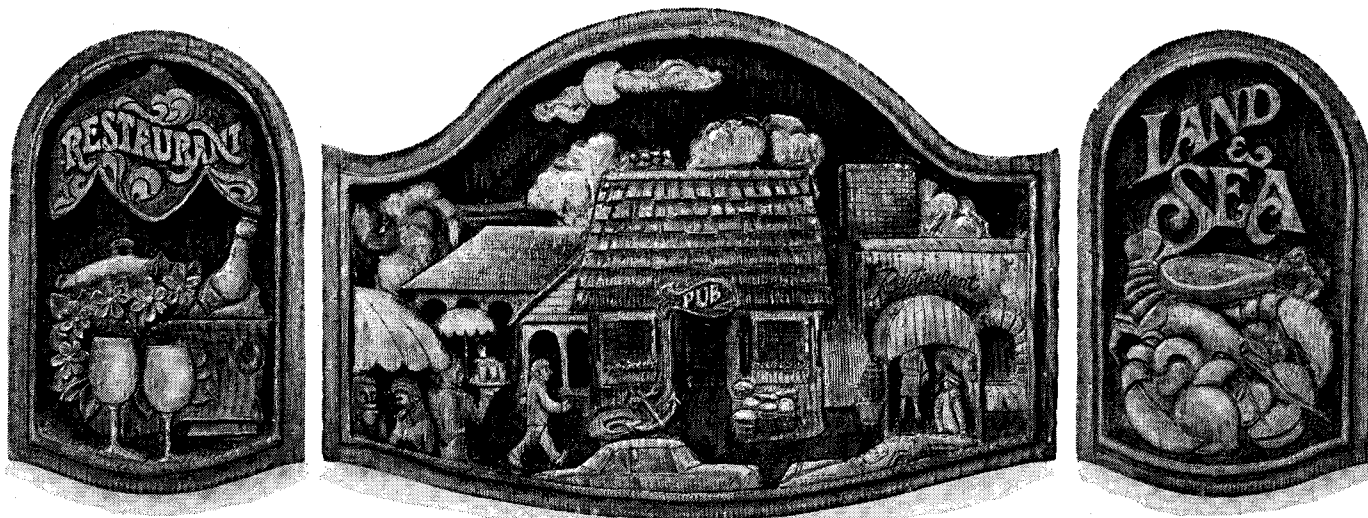
The Double Inconstancy—The 250-year-old play, written for Commedia dell'arte players, by Marivaux, directed by Albert Asermely. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 2/20, \$2.50. Riverside Church, 120 Riverside Drive (364-2929).

Drama Committee Repertory—Henrik Ibsen's *The League of Youth*. Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. G.B. Shaw's *Man of Destiny*, Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 5 & 8 p.m. thru 2/20. Gate Theater, 2nd Ave at 10th St (929-8377).

The Fantasticks—In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Green Julia—Paul Ableman's play, directed by Susan Schulman. Wed thru Sat, 10/10-26. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (765-9540).

Greenwich Village Follies—Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).



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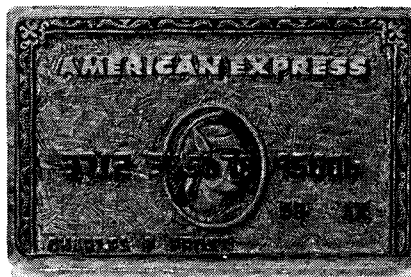
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Isadora Duncan Sleeps With the Russian Navy
—Thin and kicky treatment of the great dance pioneer, who does everything on stage but sleep with the Russian navy. Author Jeff Wanshel apparently regards it as original high camp to deal with the whole thing as movie-within-play, but he's wrong. Marian Seldes, as Isadora, is better than the script deserves. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Pinter's *The Caretaker*, 2/11, 2/12, at 10:30. P.B. Shelley's *The Cenci*, 2/11 at 7:30; 2/13 at 3 p.m. Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* at 7:30. Bowwrie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

John Gabriel Borkman—Henrik Ibsen's play deals with an old man's protest against his failing powers and the conflict between two sisters who have a life-long battle for his love. With Gale Sondergaard, Jan Farrand, and Robert Pastene. Thru 2/15, Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Johnny Belinda—Elmer Harris's play about a young deaf mute and the doctor who leads her out of her world of isolation. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 2/19, Little Church, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

The League of Youth—A rarely performed political comedy by Henrik Ibsen, directed by Arthur Reel. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. Gate Theater, 162 Second Ave (575-1115).

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's serious look at rebellious youth directed by Sonia Moore. Fri thru Sun at 7:30; Sun at 3. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th St (755-5120).

Manhattan Theater Club—Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena*, with Robert Christian and Frances Foster, directed by Thomas Bullard. Wed thru Sun at 8:15, Sun at 2:30. \$4. Thru 2/13. **Upstage Theater**: *Billy Irish* by Thomas Babe. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. \$2.50. **Theater Club**: Songs from *Nell Gwynne*, a baroque rock musical by Peter Schickele. 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo—John Guare's new comedy, directed by Mel Shapiro, with Joel Grey, Anne Jackson, Larry Bryggman, Jim Jansen, Madeline Kahn, Chris Sarandon, and Sigourney Weaver. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Memphis Is Gone—A new play with music by Richard Hobson; directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. With Kevin O'Connor, John Kellogg, Jean de Baer, Bill Snickowski. St Clements Theater, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

M'liss or Gold in Them Thar Hills—A musical valentine to the Old West, based on the Bret Harte story, directed by Robert Dahdah. Tues thru Fri at 7:30, Sat and Sun at 3 p.m. and 7:30. \$5.50 (Children \$3). O'Lunney's, 915 Second Ave (242-3900).

Movie Buff—Musical comedy about thirties movies; by John Raniello, Hiram Taylor; directed by Jim Payne. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. from 2/10. Actors Playhouse, 100 7th Ave So (242-9657).

King Oedipus—James Earl Jones appears in a new version of the Sophocles piece by John Lewin, directed by David Gild. Jacqueline Brooks is the Jocasta. 2/11, 12, 17, 18 at 8 p.m. 2/13, 19, at 7:30 & 9:30 p.m. \$4. Cathedral of St John the Divine, 112th St & Amsterdam Ave (678-6923).

The Mulligan Guard Ball—Edward Harrigan's 100-year-old American classic, a lower East Side comedy of the Irish, Germans, and blacks, directed by Richard Kuss. Thurs-Sat at 8; Sun at 3, thru 2/13. American Theater Company, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

My Life—There's an honest-to-god swimming pool on the stage, but Corinne Jucker's new play — one of those where-did-I-go-wrong talking photo albums — won't wash. The Circle Rep earmarks are there: Marshall W. Mason's fluent direction, and good work by some of the company's regular actors; but this is one of the company's more negligible efforts. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at \$3. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Nightclub Cantata—A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others

stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (GR 5-5122).

No Exit—Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. \$3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Organ—Ken Rubenstein's piece about a contemporary relationship between a man and a woman, with Cristobal Carambo and Elyce Stillwater. Wed thru Sun, thru 2/20 at 8 p.m. 2/9-13 at 10 p.m. La Mama E.T.C. 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

SHE'S IN DANGER!



Sharon Madden stars in **The Passing of Corky Brewster**, a comedy about love and lust, death and —possibly—murder, written by Jerry L. Crawford, and directed by Daniel Irvine. Shown 2/8-13, at 11 p.m. after regular performances of *My Life*, and 8 p.m. on 2/13. Circle Repertory, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Peg o' My Heart—J. Hartley Manners's romantic comedy, directed by Gene Nye. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. \$3.50. Thru 2/20. Lion Theater, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

The Shadow of a Gunman—Sean O'Casey's play, directed by Lawrence Zucker. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 2/20, \$2.50. Classic Theater, 110 W 14th (242-3900).

The Soft Touch—A dark farce by Neil Cuthbert about a night when a young man's worst fears come true. Directed by John Bettenbender. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, Thru 2/20. \$3.50. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

Soho Repertory—*What the Butter Saw*, 2/11 at 8:30; 2/12 at 7:30; 2/13 at 4:30. *You, The Jury*, 2/12, at 10:30; 2/13, at 7:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Repertorio Espanol—During the month of February: Fernando de Rojas's *La Celestina*; Miguel Mihura's *La Decente*. Spanish Theater, 138 E 27th (889-2850).

Streamers—David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Repertory—*The Stronger* and *The Creditors*, Tues, Thurs & Sat at 8; Sat mat at 3; and *The Stronger* and *Miss Julie*, Wed, Fri & Sun at 8; Sun mat at 3. \$2.50. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Summertime—A revival of Ron Cowen's play, directed by Mark Silverstein. 2/8-11, at 7:30 p.m. Educational Theater, 35 W 4th St (475-9057).

Tits Diamond—Disco-spectacle by Mark Bramble, with songs by Lee Pockriss and Steve Brown, directed by Anthony Stimmac and starring Sydney Blake as the ultimate superspy who outwits Nazis, deviated preverts, and the Pope. The Loft, 147 Mercer St., Tues, Wed, and Thurs at 8, Thru 2/10. (228-0900)

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Grease*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

Women Behind Bars—Monte Rock III stars in the role of the prison matron in Tom Eyan's spoof of all those 1930's prison movies. Loathsome. Tues-Thurs, 8; Fri, 9; Sat, 8 & 10:30; Sun, 4 & 8. Truck and Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St (777-0140).

Yerma—Lorca's play, directed by Luz Castanos and Victor Acosta. 2/11, 12, 18, 19; 3/4, 5, 11, at 8 p.m. 2/13, 20, 27; 3/6, at 3 p.m. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barlizon Plaza Library—6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

La Chansonette—890 Second Ave. French nightclub with singer Rita Dimitri, and, thru 2/11, singer Jan Kiepora Jr. Closed Sundays (752-7320).

Chateau Madrid—48th St & Lexington. Roberto and Mitsuko Revue. Also Javier and his Marionettes, and singer Jorge Pais. In the Flamenco Suite, Carmen Acevedo and her Basque group (PL 3-1755).

Chez Z—320 E. 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's—Bdway & 63rd St. Joyce Bryant, a blues singer, entertains at this pretty place (opposite Lincoln Center), every night but Sunday, from 9:30 on (724-6301).

Club Ibis—151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque, Tues thru Sat. 2/8-19, The Ken Hamilton Show, with singer Terry Malone (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfield's—1118 First Ave. Thru 2/12, Joe Anne Barry and Bob Bovino join Rodney, at 9:30 and 11:30 (593-1650).

Hippopotamus II—405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation—358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th. Excellent restaurant, and Mon thru Fri, there's The Tommy Furtado plays Mon thru Sat & the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun & Mon. nights. (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's—239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists. A pre-Lenten festival 2/7-22, with a cast of 36 singers, clowns, dancers and musicians (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs—998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove—325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

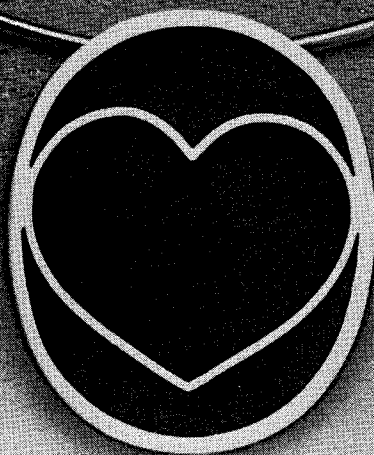
L'Oubliette—2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club—5 E 59th. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Prive—1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Lester Lanin's trio and Herb Winner playing the piano Tues thru Sat (688-8778).

Rainbow Grill—65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view, and thru 2/12, the Joe Frazier Revue (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room—65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Bobby Rosengarden, who always manages to put together a respectable band that can satisfy both dancers and listeners, is joined by the dynamic vocalist Carrie Smith. Tues, Wed, Thurs,



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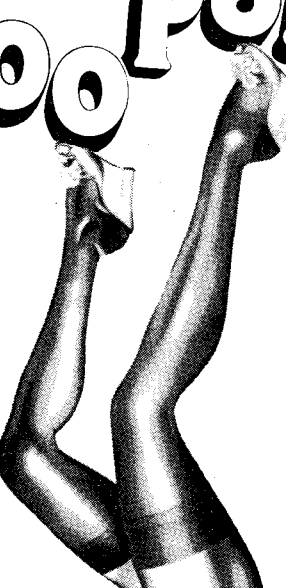
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Bar None—167 E 33rd. Attractive restaurant features Dardanelle who plays somewhat in the Tatum style and sings somewhat in the manner of Lee Wiley. Tues thru Sat, 7 p.m. to midnight (684-3223).

Bottom Line—15 W 4th St. Thru 2/18, Proctor and Bergman 2/14-16, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, and Andrew Gold (228-7889).

Bradley's—70 University Pl. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, with Monk's rhythmic and dynamic subtleties makes for a mesmerizing evening, is here every Sunday (228-6440).

Chung Kuo Yuan—1115 Third Ave (at 65th). Legendary saloon singer-pianist Hugh Shannon entertains Wed thru Sun at this new Chinese restaurant, from 9 thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Christy's Skylite Gardens—64 W 11th. Charming place, open hearth fire. Musicians Jerry Greenberg and Andy Cahill do the standards, including a Gershwin medley. Tues thru Sat nights (673-5720).

The Clubhouse—1315 Second at 69th. A sports decor here, with entertainment nightly by Exa Louise Brown, singer-pianist at ease with ballads, blues, rock and standards, Mon thru Sat (628-0600).

Cookery—University Pl & 8th. Joe Turner slipped on the ice, injured himself, and went back to Paris to recuperate. In his place, thru 3/9, singer Maxine Sullivan, with pianist Dick Katz, and bassist Victor Sproules; Mon thru Sat, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price. Sat and Sun, noon, to 5, jazz pianist Chuck Folds (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy—45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of first class boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's—144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 2/8, Tenor saxist Scott Hamilton sits in. 2/13, the Ray Bryant trio (265-8277).

Gaslight Club—124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Jane Mullaney; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ullano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale—210 W 70th. Singer Bill Forman at 8 p.m.; Bob Garrett and Ellen March, at 10 p.m.; Ernestine (*Guys and Dolls*) Jackson at midnight, thru 2/12 (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's—340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's—First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Wed, thru Sun, pianist and Ellington scholar Brooks Kerr leads a trio with drummer Sonny Greer, who was an Ellingtonian before Ellington, and must be seen, and clarinetist Russell Procope, a star in the Ellington constellation for more than 20 years. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Jim Smith's Village Corner—Bleecker, at LaGuardia Music from 9:30 to 3 a.m. Wed, Armen Donelian, pianist. Thurs thru Tues, pianist Lance Hayward. Sundays singer Jane Valentine entertains (473-9762).

Larson's—1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums in this newly opened restaurant-lounge (744-2540). (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe—61 Fifth Ave. A new progressive country music restaurant-bar, with Billy Swan and



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his band performing Wed thru Sun, 2/9-13, at 10 & midnight (242-1664).

Lorelei-233 E 86th. Large nightclub dance floor, with singer Mike Kossowski and band Wed thru Sun. Hungarian menu (722-9926).

Michael's Pub-211 E 55th. This is the first nightclub appearance by David Allyn in New York in many years. Expect many ballads sung tenderly and with great articulateness. Three shows nightly beginning at 9:15. Woody Allen continues with his jam sessions on Mondays. (785-2272).

Onde-2nd Ave at 50th. Supper club with soft-sell medleys by pianist Bill Russell, every night but Monday, when Neapolitan troubador Dino Palmero entertains. Closed Sundays (752-9631).

Stryker's-103 W 86th. Dave Matthew's leads his big band on Monday nights; on Tuesdays, there's a quartet called Double Image; Wednesdays and Thursdays are given to the exquisite saxophonist Lee Konitz and his propulsive, invigorating nonet—don't miss it; on Fridays and Saturdays, the daddy of cool trumpeters, Chet Baker, leads a quartet. (874-8754).

Village Gate-160 Bleecker St. Bobby Blue Bland, the Mr. B of the blues circuit, makes a rare appearance in this downtown venue. A histrionic vocalist who likes to follow sudden snarls with limpid crooning, he's one of the most individualistic of bluesmen and his repertoire is classic (GR 5-5122).

Village Vanguard-178 7th Ave So. 2/8-13, Jimmy and Percy Quartet. 2/15-20, Tony Williams trio. Every Monday Night, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band (989-9011).

West End Cafe-2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

Children

Belly Buttons, Rutgers Community Center, 200 Madison St. (732-7369). *Monkey Face and Other Stories*, 2/12 at 12 & 1:30.

Family Matinee Theater, 466 Grand St. (766-9334). *The In Crowd*, 2/12-13 at 3.

Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, Pier 15 of South St. Seaport (744-8636). *The Shy Fox & Roots*, 2/13 at 1:30 & 3.

Laws the Magic Clown, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 2/6 at 1 & 3.

Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Three Tales at a Time*, 2/12 at 2:30.

Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk*, Sat & Sun at 2.

Off Center Theater, NY Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W 64th St. (874-5200). *Sinbad the Sailor*, 2/12 at 2:30.

O.O.B. Band Co., 18th St. Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (242-3900). *The Little O. Henry Music Show*, Sat & Sun at 2.

Paper Bag Players, 92nd St. Y (427-6000). *Grandpa*, Sun at 1 & 3.

Rainbow Children's Theater, Hotel Sutton East, 330 E 56th St. (486-1431). *Mother Goose Medley*, Sat & Sun at 2.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread*, (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

We Three, The Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th St. (255-0469). *The Mouse House With Minka & Tinka and Dance Time*, 2/13 at 2.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Run

Glenn Yarborough & the Limelights/Kingston Trio, Westbury Music Fair. The engagement runs 2/11 thru 2/13. Performances are Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, Sunday at 3 & 7:30.

Tuesday, February 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Maurizio Pollini, piano, and the Camerate Singers. Works of Bartok, Stravinsky & Debussy, at 7:30.

Hodges & Howard, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Daniel Shafran, cello/Anton Ginzberg, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

Evalyn Steinbock, cello, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

Karl Haas: Adventures in Good Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Mannes Alumni Concert, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Wednesday, February 9

Roy Clark/Don Williams/Hank Thompson/Fred Fender, Carnegie Hall, at 7:30.

George Malcolm, harpsichord, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Bach Aria Group, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Steven Lubin, fortepiano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Hazel Scott, piano, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Dmitri Shostakovich Retrospective, Columbia McMillin Theater, Broadway at 116th St., at 8.

Thursday, February 10

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. Works of Wagner, Stravinsky & Varese, at 8:30.

Nam June Paik/Charlotte Moorman, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Composer's Forum, WBAI Concert Hall, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0880), at 9.

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Alice Tully Hall, 8.

Ricercare, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

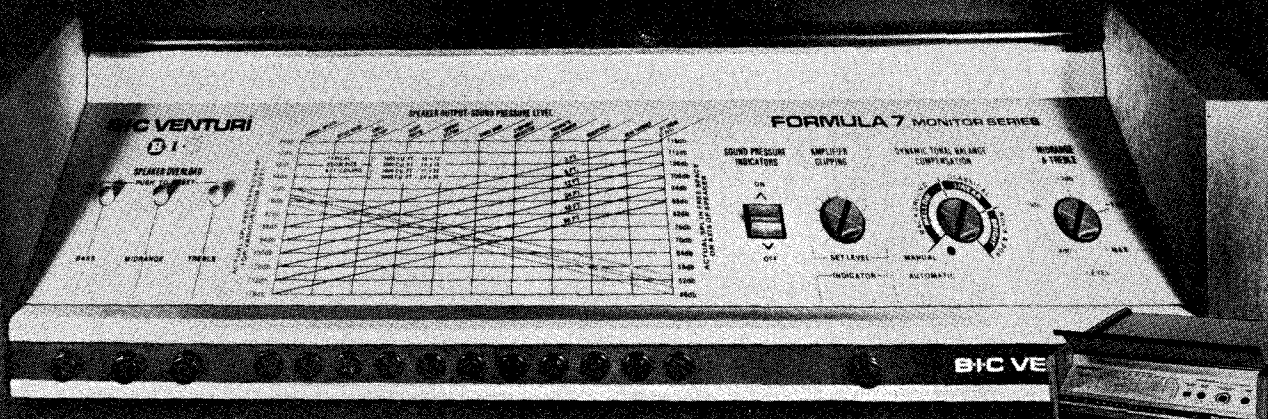
League/ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Quartetto Italiano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Walter Trampler, viola, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Peter Schlosser, baritone, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.

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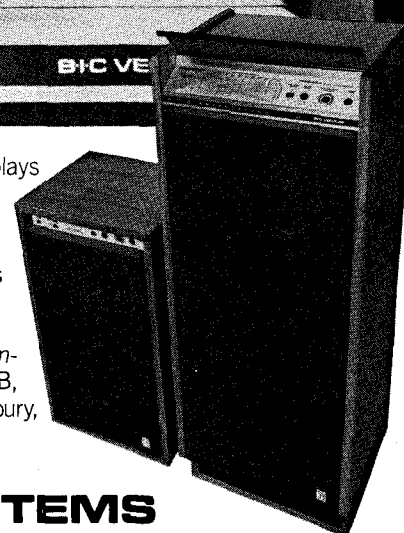
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boston, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Friday, February 11

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/10, at 2.

Eddie Daniels, woodwinds, Shepherds in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Electric Light Orchestra, Madison Square Garden, 8.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Lorin Maazel conducts, with Emil Gilels, piano. An all-Beethoven program, at 8.

Marjorie Martinez, lyric soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.

Al Stewart, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Guarneri String Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Saturday, February 12

CHAMBER MUSIC



Lilian Kallir (left) and **Claude Frank** perform piano music for four hands in two chamber music concerts this week at the BAM Lepercq Space (30 Lafayette Ave.). The first concert is on Saturday, February 12 at 8; the second is on the following day at 2. The program consists of works by Mozart, Dvorak, and Schubert (636-4100).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/10, at 8:30.

Louis Bagger, harpsichord, Town Hall, at 2:30.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall. Same program as 2/11, at 8.

Cynthia Oxberry, soprano/**Martin Feldman**, baritone, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-2802), at 4:30.

Paula Robison, flute, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Marvinell Scott, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra/Judith Blegen, soprano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Anne Perret, mezzo-soprano/**Rodrigo de Zayas**, lute, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Sine Nominee Singers, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Susan Eddlemon, violin/**Lucy Blachman**, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, February 13

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; John Nelson conducts, with Walter Trampler, viola. Works of Mozart, Tchaikovsky & Fauré, at 3.

Frederica Von Stade, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Chamber Music, BAM Lepercq Space, at 2.

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra/Judith Blegen, soprano, Metropolitan Museum, at 5:30.

Erick Friedman Trio, Town Hall, at 3.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall. Same program as 2/11, at 8.

Flori Musicali Chorus, Union Congregational Church, 86-15 114th St., Richmond Hill, at 2.

Joseph Bellessi, baritone/**Rose Bozin**, soprano/**Joyce Grant**, mezzo-soprano, Seamen's Church Institute, 15 State St., at 3.

New York Sinfonia Orchestra, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St., at 4:30.

Doris Hays, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Bill Canady & Jim Theobald: New Music, Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St., at 1:30 & 3:30.

Kapell Konzerte, Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St., at 2:15.

Bronx Arts Ensemble, Van Cortlandt Mansion, Broadway at 242nd St. (548-4445), at 2.

David Sackson, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

1 Musici D'Amore, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Monday, February 14

Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Gerd Albrecht conducts, with Christoph Eschenbach & Justus Frantz, pianos. Works of Mozart & Bruckner, at 8.

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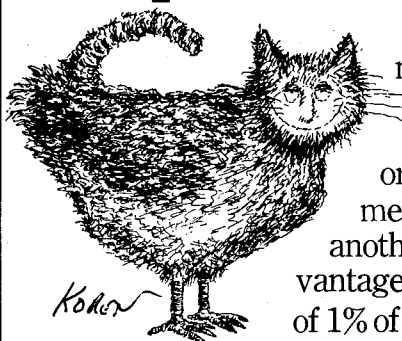
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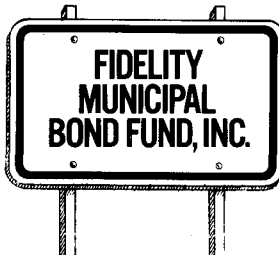
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Cleveland Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Robert Cuckson, piano, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.
Elmar Oliveira, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
William Heiles, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Roger Bruce Band, CBGB, 315 Bowery, at 10:30.
Group for Contemporary Music, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 8.

Tuesday, February 15

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/10, at 7:30.
Peter Schlosser, baritone, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.
Madison String Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Cherry Rhodes, organ, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
New Music, 92nd St. Y., at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gerstwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Julliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).
Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).
Queens College, Colder Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 2/8 at 7: **Die Walküre** with Hunter, Martin, Dunn, King. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Weber; designers: Schneider-Siemssen, Wakhevitch & Reppa. Wed, 2/9 at 8: **Le Prophète** with Horne, Scotto, McCracken, Hines. Conductor: Lewis; director: Dexter; designer: Wexler. Thurs, 2/10 at 8: **Tosca** with Zylis-Gara, Morell, Milnes, Capecci. Conductor: Weitach; director: Schenk; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Fri, 2/11 at 7: **Die Walküre** (Same cast as 2/8). Sat, 2/12 at 2: **Salome** with Rysanek, Varnay, Ulfung, Wixell. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Rennert; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Sat, 2/12 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** with Ewing, Verrett, Dunn, Crespin. Conductor: Plasson; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa, Greenwood & Wechsler. Mon, 2/14 at 7: **Die Walküre** (Same cast as 2/8). Tues, 2/15 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** (Same cast as 2/12).

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 2/8 at 8: **The Goldberg Variations; New Ballet**. Wed, 2/9 at 8: **In G Major; Square Dance; Pas de Deux; Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet**. Thurs, 2/10 at 8: **Fanfare; Pas de Deux; Episodes; Symphony in C**. Fri, 2/11 at 8: **New Ballet; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; Concerto Barocco; The Four Temperaments**. Sat, 2/12 at 2: **Coppelia**. Sat, 2/12 at 8: **Fanfare; The Four Temperaments; Pas de Deux; In G Major**. Sun, 2/13 at 1: **The Goldberg Variations; Symphony in C**. Sun, 2/13 at 7: **New Ballet; Duo Concertant; Union Jack**.

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY
NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER
BEACON THEATER

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT



Murray Louis (left) and his Dance Company and the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theater will premiere five new works in their special four-week joint appearance at the Beacon Theater (2124 Broadway). The engagement runs from February 8 thru March 6. Performances are Tuesday thru Sunday at 8, with Saturday and Sunday matinees at 3 (777-1120).

Tues, 2/8 at 8: Murray Louis Dance Co.: *Revue; Ceremony*. Wed, 2/9 at 8: Nikolais Dance Theater: *Group Dance From Sanctum; Untitled I; Triad*. Thurs, 2/10 at 8: Murray Louis Dance Co.: *Porcelain Dialogues; Continuum; Glances*. Fri, 2/11 at 8: Nikolais Dance Theater: *Temple; Untitled II; Foreplay*. Sat, 2/12 at 3: Same program as 2/8. Sat, 2/12 at 8: Same program as 2/11. Sun, 2/13 at 3: Same program as 2/10. Sun, 2/13 at 8: Nikolais Dance Theater: *Styx; Tower*. Tues, 2/15 at 8: Nikolais Dance Theater: *Styx; Tower*.

OTHER

American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077). Choreographers Showcase: 2/8 & 15 at 8; Grethe Holby: 2/11-12 at 8, 2/13 at 3 & 8.

Dance Uptown, Barnard College Minor Latham Playhouse, Broadway at 119th St. (280-2079), 2/9 at 7, 2/10-12 at 8.

Michael Sullivan Dance Co., University of the Streets, 130 E 7th St. (777-8114), 2/11-12 at 8, 2/13 at 3.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Alice Baber—Metaphoric color and light abstractions, thru 2/24. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Emil Carlsen—Works, thru 2/19. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Robert Dash/Trevor Winkfield—Recent acrylics on paper/Works on paper, 2/12-3/3. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Alfred De Cabrol—Birds, animals, shells, and pebbles in oils, watercolors, and pencil, thru 2/29. Findlay, 17 E 57th (HA1-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

***Jim Dine**—Recent painting, etchings, and drawings including a self-portrait, thru 2/12/Prints and sculpture, thru 2/10. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292)/Getter/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

***James Ensor** (1860-1949)—Selected etchings by this Belgium expressionist, thru 3/4. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Gershon Iskowitz—Aerial, light-filled views of northern Canada, thru 3/5. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).

***W. Louis Jones/Randy Stevens**—Still lifes, some with squash and cats/Pastel drawings of cocktail parties and cheerleaders, thru 3/3. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

James Juszczak—Works, thru 2/19. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Blossom Kamen-Gottlieb—Collages, thru 2/24. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Rex Lau—3D hobo signs, thru 2/19. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

***Jacques Lipchitz**—Sculptures and drawings from the Cubist Epoch/Ten 20th century photographers, 2/12-3/12. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).



Photo: Clara Aich

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Richard Lytle—Biomorphic forms in vivid colors, thru 2/26. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).
Brita Molin—African scenes in prints and wall hangings, thru 2/18. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).
George Nick—New paintings, thru 2/17. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
***Philip Pearlstein**—Recent landscape and figure drawings and watercolors, thru 2/26. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30.
***Anne Raymo**—Quilts and prints, thru 3/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).
George Segal—Red, blue, or black sculpture, thru 2/26. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Leon Bakst**(1866-1924)—Designs from ballets, landscapes, still lifes, portraits and nudes by this Russian, thru 2/26. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).
David Beck/Edvins Strautmanis/Philip Sultz—Constructions/Recent paintings/Collages, thru 2/26. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).
Benigna Chilla—Mixed-media relief sculpture, thru 2/16. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302).
Sonia Chusit—Cloud and landscape forms seen through grids in pastel and acrylic, thru 2/26. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).
***Benni Efrat**—Sculpture and works on paper concurrent with film installation at Whitney, thru 2/25. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).
***Lyonel Feininger**(1871-1956)—Watercolors and drawings, thru 2/26. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).
***Buckminster Fuller**—One configuration of *Tetrascroll*, 26 pages of 36" equilateral triangles opening out to 40 feet, thru 2/26. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
***William Glackens**(1870-1938)—Illustrations, studies, and pastels done in NYC, Long Island, and Southern France, thru 2/26. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888).
Nancy Goldring/David Hendricks—Photo-drawings/Monumental landscape drawings, thru 2/26. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).
Percival Goodman/Harold Sclar—Paintings and drawings/Sculpture, 2/12-19. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).
Nigel Hall—Seven wall pieces of painted aluminum rods, thru 3/3. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).
Robert Harvey—Vignettes of country life, thru 2/19. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).
Addie Herder—Collage constructions, thru 2/15. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).
***Ellsworth Kelly**—Paintings, thru 3/5. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).
Bascha Mon—Abstractions, thru 2/26. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).
Paul Reynard—Recent paintings and drawings, thru 2/23. Brewster, 1018 Mad Ave (472-9481).
Kas Sable—Drawings, including some period peices, thru 3/19. Cordy, 324 E 73rd (249-4791). Tues-Sat 1-7.
***Antonio Segal**—Surrealistic landscapes of absence, thru 2/19. Lefebvre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).
James Snodgrass—20 years of drawings and watercolors, 2/11-13, 18-20. Sometimes, 48 W 22nd (243-3991). Fri-Sun 12-6.
Jill Spellman—Paired canvases of abstract landscapes, 2/12-3/3. Phoenix, 939 Mad Ave (RH4-5166).
***Joseph Stella**(1880-1946)—Paintings and drawings, thru 2/26. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).
***Norman Turner**—Nudes in Vermont and New Jersey landscapes, thru 2/26. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).
Don Werner—Paintings, thru 2/15. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.
Whanki—Abstractions from 1965-1970, thru 3/5. Poin-dexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).
Warik Wheatly—Springtime scenes in Winter, thru 2/15. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (PL2-8199).

SoHo

Estherly Allen—Abstractions on large pieces of torn paper, thru 2/26. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).
Ross Bleckner—Frontal and oblique planes interlocking on a black ground, 2/12-3/8. Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).
Peter Carella—Drawings, thru 2/16. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.
Ellen Cibula—Abstractions based on mathematical constructs, thru 2/17. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Susan Daykin—Figurative works dealing with the Mexican Revolution in the 20s, thru 2/16. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Charles Duback—Geometric pipe paintings, thru 2/17. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Rafael Ferrer**—Constructions, free-standing room environments, and drawings on navigational charts, thru 3/2. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Pinchas Cohen Gan—New work, thru 3/2. Protetch, 157 Spring (926-4009).

Suzanne Gilliard—Intensely colorful oils including wild Pennsylvania landscapes, thru 2/17. Prince St, 106 Prince (549-4525).

***Louise Kramer**—Lacquered metal and clay sculpture plus mono-prints, thru 3/2. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Diana Kurz—Large figure paintings, landscapes, and pastels; thru 2/17. Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (674-2390). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Robert Mapplethorpe**—Photographic portraits, thru 2/26. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900). Wed until 9:30 also.

***Ann Marshall/William Monaghan**—Vertical abstractions/Rusting metal and raw canvases, thru 3/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 1-5, Sat 11-5.

Toshio Odate—Sculpture, thru 2/16. Yu, 393 W Bdwy (431-7867).

***Brian O'Neill**—Sculptural paintings of aluminum, fiber-glass and wood coated with foam and canvases, then painted, thru 3/5. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Ellen Phelan/Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Sculpture/Paintings, thru 2/22. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Jay Bruce Rosenfeld—Kinetic sculpture and drawings, thru 2/26. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Charles Rowe—Eggs Over Soho, thru 2/27. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (730-9369).

Frieda Savitz—Pastel abstractions/Fibrous art by Dollar, Gabriel, Hamouda, Stram, others, thru 3/6. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Italo Scanga—New sculpture and multi-media drawings, 2/12-3/8. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

OTHER

Jackie Apple/Martine Aballea/Stella Waitzkin—A collaborative narrative work/Book sculpture, thru 2/17. Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin (925-4671).

Robert Bero—Etchings of forests, fields, and mountains near Potsdam, thru 2/19. Brooklyn Collector, 131 7th Ave, Bklyn (857-5800). Closed Wed and Sun.

***Jackie Ferrara**—A wooden stacked Pyramid, 1973, and a trisected Pyramid, 1976, thru 2/20. Hamarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2nd Ave at 47th.

Richard Florsheim—Recent lithographs, 2/14-3/5. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Helga Hoenigsburg—Ceramic sculptures of mother and child, 2/11-3/3. Clovelly Lane, 548 LaGuardia Pl (473-0534).

Hans-Georg Rauch—Works on paper by this complex political and social cartoonist, thru 2/14. Gramercy Park Fine Arts, 112 E 19th, and Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8310).

Marcia Resnick—A photo installation, thru 2/22. Photoworks, 105 Hudson (925-3818). Tues-Sat 3-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Kennedy**—40 W 57th (541-9600). American paintings, furniture, accessories from the Age of the Revolution and Early Republic, 1750-1824, thru 2/12.

Markel—50 W 57th (581-1909). Art with words by Allen, Kostelanetz, Levine, Wiley, others, thru 2/12.

Midtown—11 E 57th (PI8-1900). Works by members for the last 45 years, thru 2/19.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II—37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Terra cotta and stone objects from West Africa, thru 2/28.

***Borgenicht**—1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). The Nude: Avery and the European Masters, thru 3/3.

***Reinhold Brown**—26 E 78th (RE4-7999). Posters done by & for architects from 1894-1947, thru 3/1.

***Committee to Save Grand Central**—59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

***Deutsch**—43 E 80th (861-4429). Spacescapes by Atimomis, Chagall, Tobey, others, thru 2/19.

***Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies**—80 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-5. The Princeton Beaux-Arts and its new academicism including Labatut to the program of Geddes, thru 2/24.

Kottler—3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Egri, Cascante, Lytle, Topliff, thru 2/19.

ML—58 E 79th (472-0333). Works by Hall, Hoenigan, Smith, Szasz, others, thru 2/19.

SoHo

***Braunstein/Quay**—139 Spring (925-1200). California clay by Brady, Breschi, Costanzo, Middlebrook, Shaw, and Voukos, thru 2/16.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**—465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Lesser known works from 1963 including string constructions by D'Aquila, collages by Picard, others, thru 2/26.

Drawing Center—137 Greene (982-5266). Mon, Tues 11-6, Wed-Sat 11-9. Paintings on paper by Bishop, Humphrey, Mangold, others, thru 2/26.

***OK Harris**—383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Photos by Arndt, paintings by Clarke and Inoue, poetry by Lazard, and sculpture by sculpture, thru 2/26.

Unicorn—120 Spring (226-0919). Gallery artists, 2/14-3/5.

Vorpal—465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Sun 1-6 also. Works by Collins, De Stefani, Dowis, others, thru 2/28.

Ward-Nasse—131 Prince (925-6951). Abstract landscapes by Breuer, painted canvas by Cobb, organic fantasies by Francia, and welded steel sculpture by Reilly, thru 2/17.

WIA—435 Broome (966-5894). Bleached nude studies by Druskis, paintings by Ekland and Enfield-Smith, thru 2/26.

OTHER

AIGA—1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-5. Environmental design including contemporary signage and architectural graphics, thru 2/25.

47 Bond St—(475-3899). Wed-Sun 1-6. Male torsos in small oils by Mathis, fantasy landscapes by Pellicone, solitary city parkscapes, others, thru 2/19.

***Grey**—NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Thurs 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Recent polychrome



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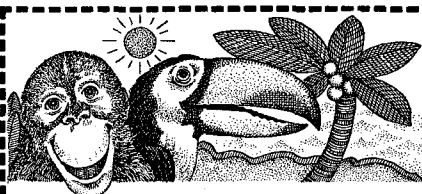
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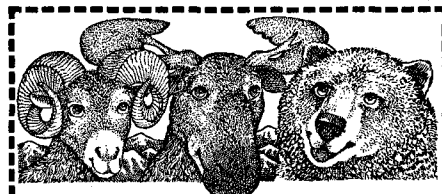
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sculptures by Avedisian, oils by Hennessy, and lithos after neon and plexiglass sculpture by Grosman, thru 3/4.

Guinness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

Lever House-Park Ave at 53rd (WA9-2445). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sun 1-5. ASCA painting, sculpture and graphics dealing with *New York, New York*, thru 2/17.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Pratt Graphics-831 Bdwy (674-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6. Sat 1-5. Forerunners of the American print Renaissance, 1920-1950 including Davies, Kuhn, Kuniyoshi, Roth, others, thru 2/26.

***Roko**-90 E 10th (GR3-0760). Tues-Sat 12-6. Ten American collagists from Adler's gouache paintings on cut paper to Grossman's figurative pastels/ Paintings by E. Schnurr-Cofflesh, thru 2/26.

Photography

***Diane Arbus**-70 works including an early series taken at Coney Island, thru 4/2. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Automation House-49 E 68th (628-1010). Mon-Fri 9-5. The culture, wildlife, and scenic wonder of Alaska, 2/9-18.

***Carlton**-127 E 69th (249-9880). Helen Gee's Lime-light Gallery in Greenwich Village in the 50s including works by Adams, Abbott, Atget, Capa, Strand, White, others, 2/12-3/8.

John Claridge-London, thru 2/28. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-2660). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Mark Cohen**-The post-industrial landscape in black-and-white, thru 2/26. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

Michael de Camp/Mitchell Funk-Color dye transfer abstract and scenic prints, thru 3/21. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Roy DeCarava/Kay Bell Reynal**-City life and Harlem/Portraits of famous literary and artistic people, fashion and still lifes, thru 2/12. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***Hall of Science**-Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Close-ups of flowers and crystals, thru 2/27.

***Lucien Hervé**-A modern 16th century capital of the Moghuls, Fatehpur Sikri, India; thru 2/28. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-5.

Peter Hujar-Portraits in Life and Death, thru 2/15. Pfeiffer, 825 Mad (737-2055).

Kodak-1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12/5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Photos and artifacts of Peru, plus international newspaper snapshots, thru 3/19.

***William Larson/Charles Traub**-Fire Files, plus transmission holograms/Beaches and intimate scenes, 2/9-3/5. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Barry Singer**-Studies of colors, patterns, textures created by nature and by man, thru 2/28. 4th St, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri, Sat, 3-10.

***Soho/Stieglitz**-34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Mother India by Viggiano, woman by Weinberg, Vermont snowscapes by Yapa, others plus New Orleans, thru 3/1.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *The New Hall of Minerals and Gems. Discovery Room*: A permanent, weekend area which transforms science into learning activities for children.

Asia House Gallery, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-8:30. *Masterworks in Wood: China and Japan*; thru 3/27.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *The Magic Circle*: Innovative works dealing with the theme of the circle by noted American artists; 2/9 thru 3/17.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Anamorphoses: Games of Perception*; thru 2/13.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum-Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Guggenheim Museum-Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *James Ensor*: The first comprehensive U.S. showing in 26 years of works by this Belgian artist; thru 4/11.

International Center of Photography-Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art-Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Blue and White*: Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume*: An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August. *Gustave Doré: Dark Tales and Drolleries*: An exhibition of about 50 of his illustrations from the Bible, Dante's *Inferno*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, and *Don Quixote*; thru 3/27. *Photographs by Félix Nadar (1820-1910)*: 50 portraits of Second Empire Parisians; thru 3/27.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *European Drawings From the Fitzwilliam Museum*: 120 master drawings from the 16th thru the 19th centuries; *Ancient Near-Eastern Treasures*; thru 2/13.

El Museo de Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours. *A History of Ceramics: Pre-Columbian to Contemporary*.

Museum of Modern Art-11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *European Master Paintings From the Swiss Collections: Post-Impressionism to World War II*; thru 3/1. *Tina Modotti*: Approximately 40 photographs by the Italian-born actress, photographer, and political activist; thru 4/3. *Prints: Acquisitions 1973-76*; thru 2/20. John Cage's *Renga* with *Apartment House 1776*: selections from the score of John Cage's work written in honor of the Bicentennial; thru 3/6. *Posters by Painters*: An extensive collection of posters by such artists as Calder, Dine, Picasso, Steinberg, Motherwell, and others; thru 3/14.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *200 Years of American Illustration*, thru 2/15. *Selling New York*: An extraordinary look at our cultural history thru rare examples of American advertising; thru 5/31.

South Street Seaport Museum-16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Farewell to Old England; New York in Revolution*: A bicentennial display which explores the revolutionary years in New York. *A Closer Look at Tugs*: Artifacts, models, paintings, and photographs of tug boats and New York, past and present; thru March.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. An exhibition of paintings by Leslie Price and prints by Lee Paté; thru 2/20.

Whitney Museum-Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Two Artists: Dan Hill & Michael Venezia*; thru 2/13. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75*; thru 10/2. **Downtown Branch**, 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

Sports

MR. CLUTCH



Jerry West, the NBA's premier guard during his playing days with the Los Angeles Lakers, is now proving to be a most valuable coach in this his rookie season. His Lakers are atop the Pacific division and come into town on Tuesday, February 8 to battle the Knicks. The tip-off is at 7:30 in Madison Square Garden (563-8000).

Nets, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100); vs. Jazz, 2/9 at 8:05; vs. Braves, 2/11 at 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden; vs. Sabres, 2/9 at 7:35; vs. Maple Leafs, 2/13 at 7:35.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum; vs. Kings, 2/8 at 8; vs. Flyers, 2/12 at 8.

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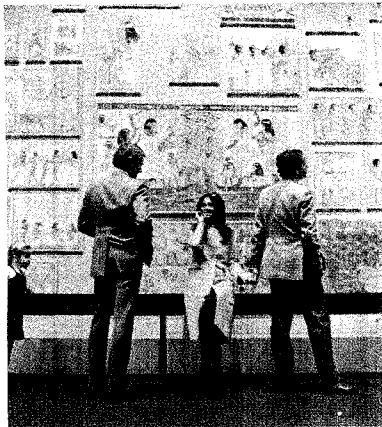
Marlo Thomas Stars in a Valentine's

Day Guide to Great Trysting Places

Photographed by Dan Wynn

"Face it," said Mel Torme the other day, "Manhattan is still the most exciting and romantic city in the world." If he hadn't said it, he might have sung it: "We'll have Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island too. . . . The great big city's a wondrous toy, just made for a girl and boy. . . ." * That's the favorite theme in song after song, in movies and musicals and Millay verses, all of them aspiring to capture some part of that special magic the city holds for lovers. For where else can you find such a dazzling diversity of romantic rendezvous? Where else can you dance your feet off high in the sky, ride back and forth all night on a ferry and all day on a cable car, feed pigeons on the grass, feed on pigeons under glass, have a love set in an airlines terminal and a lovers' tiff in a fairy-tale tavern? The old romantic spots are still as beguiling as ever—the Rainbow Room, the Palm Court at the Plaza, a hansom cab in Central Park—but New York has intriguing new trysting treats for lovers. Some can be seen in Marlo Thomas's latest movie, *Thieves*, which opens here on February 11. But if you're looking for other romantic places to take your valentine, Marlo Thomas (with actor John Hoffmeister) shows you the way on the following pages.

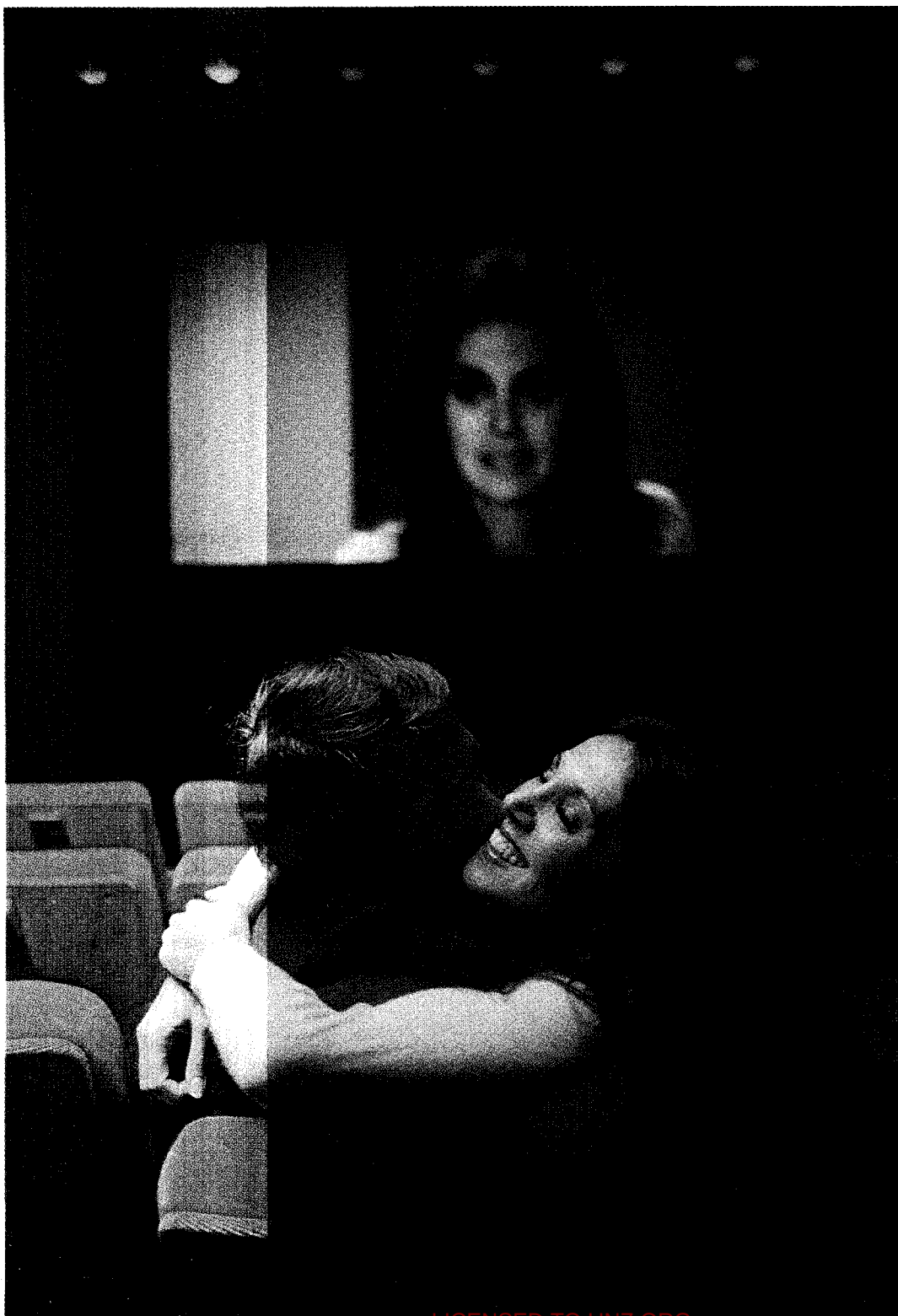
—Dorothy Seiberling



*No sooner met but they looked;
no sooner looked but they loved. . . .*

SHAKESPEARE

At the Metropolitan Museum, the Egyptian collection has been handsomely reinstalled; thirteen galleries are now open to the public from 10 A.M. to 4:45 P.M. Wednesday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 8:45 P.M. Tuesday, and 11 A.M. to 4:45 P.M. Sunday. Suggested admission donation: \$2. On display are art and artifacts from the Paleolithic period to the Coptic. Twentieth-century copies of ancient paintings done on Egyptian temples and tombs decorate the walls outside the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. An Audio-Guide tour of the Egyptian wing is available for \$1.62.



*A little time for
laughter,
A little time to sing,
A little time to kiss
and cling,
And no more kissing
after.*

MARSTON

A number of screening rooms are available for rent. Rizzoli's, at 712 Fifth Avenue near 56th Street, seats 50 and costs \$45 an hour from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., \$55 an hour from 6 to 10 P.M. Rizzoli provides the projectionist, but you must bring the film, either 35 or 16 mm. Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts rents its 212-seat room for \$150 an hour. Films can be rented from Willoughby-Peerless, 110 West 32nd Street; prices range from \$75 to \$175. Newsreel, 26 West 20th Street, rents political and documentary films, minimum charge, \$15.



*It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair. . . .*

WILDE

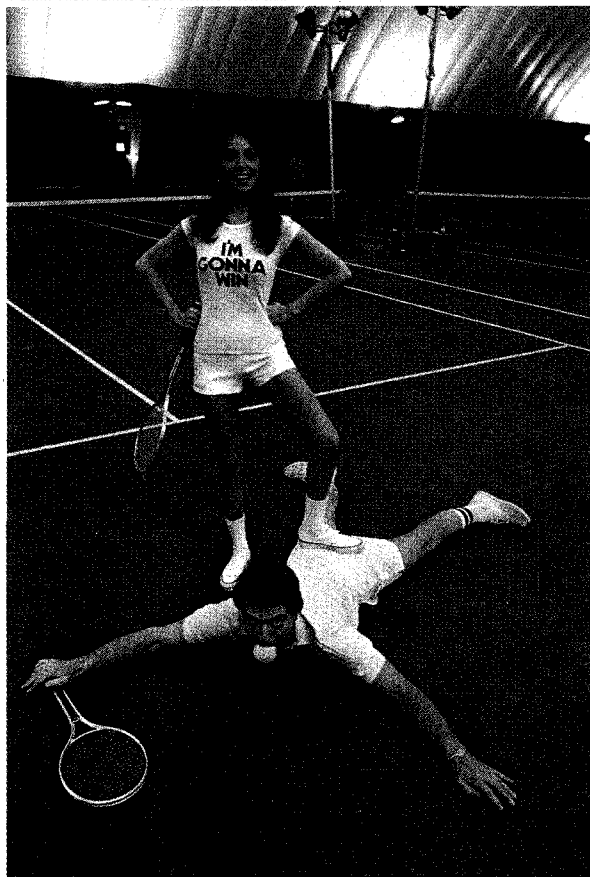
The Rainbow Room is on the sixty-fifth floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center. It opened in 1934 and

still has the same Deco décor. The revolving dance floor, under an illuminated dome, looks out on the Empire State Building to the south and Central Park to the north. The pretheater dinner is prix fixe: \$13.50. Dancing



is from 8 P.M. to 2 A.M. on Friday and Saturday, 7 P.M. to 1 A.M. the rest of the week (but there is no dancing on Monday). Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra will be playing on Valentine's Day.

T-SHIRT FROM TENNIS LADY. SHORTS FROM JAX.



Women like not only to conquer, but to be conquered.

THACKERAY

The Murray Hill Racquet Club is on the mezzanine floor of the East Side Airlines Terminal, 320 East 38th Street. There are six artificial clay courts under a vinyl bubble. The club is open from 7 A.M. to 1 A.M. daily. Full membership costs \$800 a year, and there is an additional hourly fee for courts (\$5 or \$6, depending on the time of day).

*Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll
prove an excuse
for the glass.*

SHERIDAN

The lobby of the Minskoff Theater overlooks Broadway between 44th and 45th streets. There are two bars in the lobby, serving, among other drinks, gin and tonic for \$1.40. The 140-foot-long Gordon's gin sign facing the theater was erected atop the Bond building in 1966. It sports the "world's biggest gin bottle," whose scintillating lights "keep the gin flowing" night and day.

TUNIC FROM HENRI BENDEL





*The quarrels of
lovers are the
renewal of love.*

TERENCE

The Crystal Room of Tavern-on-the-Green is open from noon to 12:30 A.M. on weekdays, 1:30 A.M. on weekends. The glass-walled circular room is decorated with a "wedding cake" ceiling and fresh flowers flown in from Holland. Luncheon items range from \$3 for a club sandwich to \$15 for filet mignon. A dinner of spaghetti costs \$5.45 and a bottle of Perrier-Jouet's Belle Epoque white wine may be had for \$42.



*The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be. . . .*

THOMPSON

The Roosevelt Island cable car travels to and from the island every quarter hour. The ride takes about four minutes, costs 50 cents or a token. Cars operate until 2 A.M. Sunday through Thursday, 3:30 A.M. Friday and Saturday.



When first we met we did not guess / That Love would prove so hard a master. —TRIOLET

At the Metropolitan Museum, modern copies of ancient Egyptian paintings show scenes from daily life around 1400 B.C.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Chocolate Be The Food of Love, Dip On

By Michael and Ariane Batterberry

“... A new generation of *chocolatiers* is causing fresh excitement. ‘Fresh,’ in fact, is the key word for both chocolate and filling...”

Chocolate orgiasts know no shame, no age group, no lasting satisfaction. The seemingly innocent nature of their craving allows them to wallow in a very private vice. They lurk everywhere undetected, greedily ready for the next transcending fix. Particularly in New York, the Katmandu of laid-back self-indulgence, the dynamite connection, the ultimate poppy field.

Historically speaking, Mexico is the home of chocolate, and consequently of chocolate orgiasts. Montezuma and his courtiers would daily demolish 50 Ali Baba-sized jars of *cacaolat* with unflagging gusto. Male courtiers exclusively, that is to say. They felt it would be unsettling to expose their women to the cocoa bean's legendary aphrodisiacal properties.

The Spanish *conquistadores* introduced chocolate back home as a sweetened drink, with immediate success. By the end of the seventeenth century, chocolate had been labeled everything from “a violent inflamer of passions” to a reliable cure for dysentery, consumptive complexions, and impotence.

It was not until the early nineteenth century that solid eating chocolate was invented. Then, suddenly, hand-dipped chocolates became to the Western world what cocoa beans had been to Montezuma—delicious status symbols and, when presented in bedizened silk boxes by a gentleman to a lady, an expensive form of edible tribute.

Today the local purveyor of freshly hand-dipped chocolates is an endangered species, simply because the dippers, like lace workers and master piano tuners, are themselves a vanishing breed. Might New York cultists soon have to settle for the dubious delights of the commercial conveyor belt? The

answer is no. Although the *ancien régime* of dipperdom is dwindling indeed, a new generation of *chocolatiers* is causing fresh excitement, much in the spirit of *la nouvelle cuisine*. “Fresh,” in fact, is now the key word—not only in regard to the chocolate itself but that which it envelops: juicy orange and grapefruit sections, fresh muscat grapes, strawberries, raspberries, and, yes, even blueberries. Admittedly these alliances are not to everybody's taste, but the current emphasis on chocolate-dipped fresh fruits, a rage which originated in New York and has spread nationwide, clearly reflects today's concern with health, beauty, and natural foods—a stunning case of self-deception, you might say.

Having scoured the city in search of establishments whose standards of chocolate production command grateful respect, we would like to make some random observations on the present state of affairs as well as divulge a few tricks of the trade:

□ Professionals agree that New York City is the “bittersweet center of the country.” “Out there,” milk chocolate is preferred. Rabid connoisseurs insist that bittersweet is to milk chocolate what Dom Perignon is to Dr. Pepper.

□ Some chocolate shops employ hand-dippers on the premises. Others either own or buy from small hand-dipped-chocolate factories elsewhere. The first provide the freshest.

□ Dipping by hand permits a thicker chocolate coating than spraying or “enrobing” by machine.

□ With one exception, New York's *chocolatiers* do not process their own chocolate. Instead, they purchase slabs from leading international suppliers (Nestlé, W. R. Grace, etc.). Over 40

varieties and grades are available, which may be combined according to taste. Other flavorings may also be added once the chocolate is melted. The melted chocolate must be “worked” and tempered on a metal or marble slab until the correct temperature and consistency have been reached for dipping. All of these steps must be executed with extreme care and precision or the results will be dull, gritty, grainy, too thick, or too thin.

□ Darker color does not necessarily mean stronger flavor.

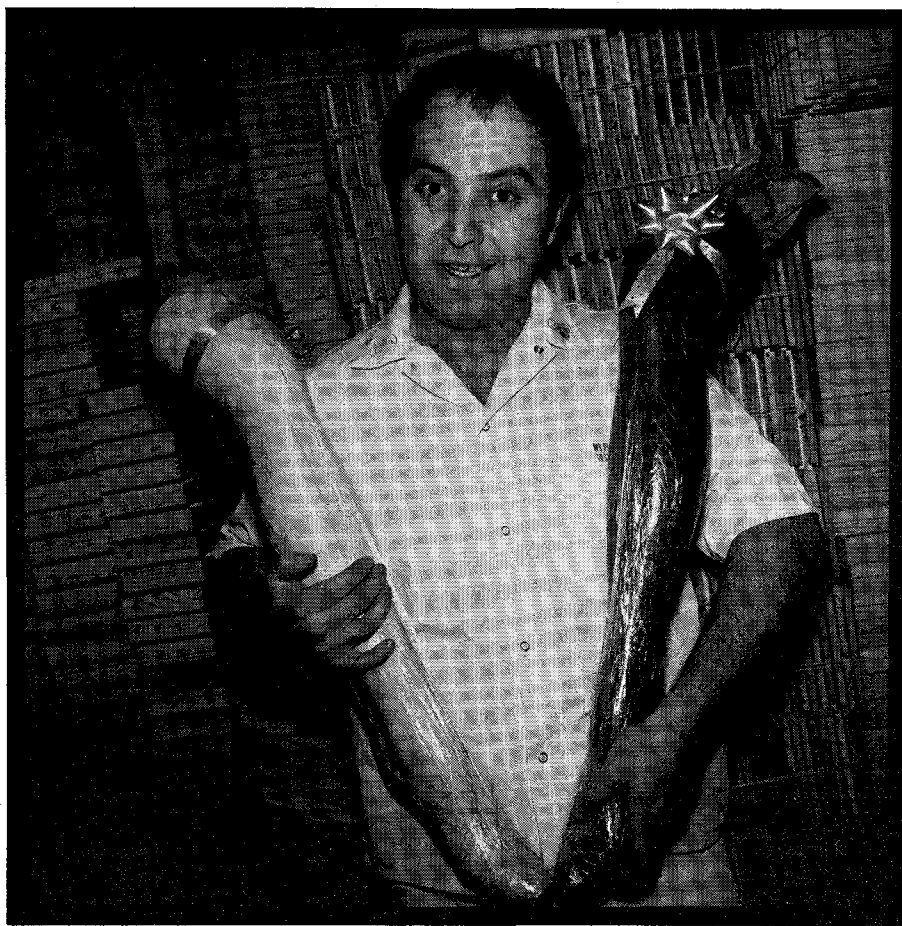
□ Though chocolate itself is slow to grow stale, centers are another story: Their butterfat content, once staleness sets in, will try to escape to the surface, giving a piece of chocolate a pale mauve “bloom” and causing the bottom of its casing to cave inward.

□ Hand-dipped chocolates are invariably more genuine in flavor than even the “best” commercially made chocolates (such as Godiva's), which must contain preservatives to make wide distribution possible. Obviously, fresh fruit must be hand-dipped.

□ Beware of fruit-flavored creams. There is not a good one to be found in New York. The same applies to most fruit-flavored jellies and marshmallows. What chemists apparently think tastes like raspberry, strawberry, lime, or, heaven forbid, banana corresponds more accurately to souvenir-shop guest soap and nail-polish remover.

So, onward! With Valentine's Day at hand, why not see if Montezuma's men were right? Any of the following emporia can supply you with boxes of the “inflamer of passions” or, as Labelle has more recently put it, “Mucho chocolata, yah, yah.”

Krön Chocolatier, 764 Madison Ave-



Shake a leg: If more conventional valentine packaging palls, Krön offers surrealism.

nue between 65th and 66th streets (472-1234, 288-9259). Situated on the second floor, up a rickety staircase, Krön is a serious establishment for the serious chocolate connoisseur. The premises have the look of an industrious health spa—spanking-white walls, grass-green carpeting—and are kept spotlessly clean. No commercial candies or fancy boxes are on display, just shelves and piles of Krön's own minuscule wooden packing crates and his own chocolate molds: a surrealistic de Chirico fantasy of chocolate torsos, chocolate dummy legs (three flavors—dark, milk, and white), chocolate golf balls, seashells, and bears. And behind a glass wall, two dippers and two packers ply their trades in a commodious kitchen.

Thomas Krön attempts no fancy centers, although nuts, soft chocolate truffles, vanilla marshmallows, and marzipan candies appear on his daily-changing bill of fare ("I work by inspiration—this is not a mass-production place"). But Krön is the king, perhaps the originator of the trendy craving for hand-dipped fresh fruits. He dips fresh strawberries, raspberries, orange and grapefruit sections, cherries, grapes, and occasionally pineapple, although not all are available every day. The very concept is controversial. The startling contrast of soft, luscious, acid-ic fruit and hard, sweet, creamy choc-

olate is unpleasant to certain tastes, orgasmic to others. For the guilt-prone, the vitamin C-laden freshness of the fruit takes the delicate chocolate casing right off the conscience. Orange and grapefruit segments are probably most safely eaten in the bathtub. Strawberries spurt less dramatically but, like most fresh fruits, spoil quickly within their chocolate skins. Krön pits his cherries in the summer and soaks them for months in various liquors, including Wild Turkey bourbon. The result is an explosive alcoholic cherry—nice if you like the fire of Wild Turkey.

But what is most extraordinary about Krön's confections is the quality of the chocolate itself. He uses little milk chocolate, which is just as well, as his has an innocuous, rather nurserylike taste. His forte is his rich, dark bitter-sweet, which has a strong and pervasive flavor from the moment it touches the tongue until moments after the last morsel is swallowed—just sweet enough but not too sweet. Krön claims that he is the only *chocolatier* in the city who makes his chocolate not from sold slabs but from his own combination of highly roasted cocoa powder and cocoa butter of low viscosity. If this is true, it would explain the perfectly marvelous taste and texture of his chocolate, and its princely price tag.

Krön spurns the heart-shaped paper

box for Valentine's Day. But he does make a small wooden box with a heart carved on the cover to hold an assortment of chocolate or a solid dark- or milk-chocolate heart embossed with daisies (\$14). A box of chocolate letters spelling LOVE is also available (\$15), as are Krön's chocolate "eating" cards (\$15), on which he will inscribe any message you wish, however sugary. Krön's chocolates vary in price from \$8 a pound (for vanilla marshmallows) to \$15 a pound (for cherries in bourbon, cognac, or Grand Marnier). A one-pound assortment of chocolates costs a basic \$12.50.

Duchess Sweets, 10 Mott Street (964-2659) and 89-61 165th Street, Jamaica (739-8112). "You don't have to be Swiss or German to like chocolate," says Mailan Lee, a voluble Shanghai-born powerhouse who owns, among other enterprises, four factories in Chinatown, a plant shop, a housewares store, a medical-supply house, and the "biggest incense business in the country." Three years ago, Mailan heard about a candymaker in Queens who was closing down after 39 good years. His equipment, she was told, could be converted to make incense. After talking with the owner for three hours, however, she was hooked on the idea of taking over and carrying on, together with her sister, Maimie.

The Chinatown shop is spanking-clean, decorated in a vaguely Alpine manner: white paint, knotty pine, sparkling glass counters filled with white wicker baskets of chocolates, lollipop trees, and wooden barrels. Only two touches suggest Chinatown: Several shelves are piled high with tins of China tea, and, yes, our first guess is confirmed—the jar on the counter contains chocolate-covered fortune cookies.

Duchess's chocolates on the whole are made for those with an acute craving for pure sugar. Its dark chocolate is not bitter or even semisweet—it is *sweet*—and the milk chocolate is bland, moist, and sweet as a baby's bite. Among the outstanding varieties (Maimie has a repertoire of over 70) are the mellifluous milk-chocolate rum or mocha rolled in powdered sugar, as well as the mint truffles—Art Deco cubes of jade, mint, and mahogany chocolate. Either might serve well as an accompaniment to rich, black espresso. The Lees are justifiably proud of their butter crunch, made with almond praline and shrouded in dark chocolate. They have also developed the city's only peanut-butter candy of distinction, a generous square of mellow smoothness shot through with delicious shards of shattered peanuts, the whole wrapped in milk chocolate. President Carter would be proud. The brandied cherry,

with a bright red preserved center, however, is cloying. For Valentine's Day there will be heart-shaped paper boxes. Duchess chocolates are priced from \$4.25 to \$6 a pound.

Davies Candies, 101-07 Jamaica Avenue, Richmond Hill (849-7750). Out front, the scene is vintage Norman Rockwell—a candy, card, and gift shop straight out of the 1930s. Fluted crepe-paper runners in fusty red and pink, artificial posies hung in tiny wicker cornucopias, decorative cut glassware and Royal Standard demitasses on curling white doilies—this is where Andy Hardy would buy his valentines.

Happily, the quality and flavor of Davies chocolates also hark back to an earlier era. The present proprietor, Damianos "Danny" Pekmezaris, labors hard to maintain high standards, and has become an expert candy man. He is aided and abetted by May Flynn and Katherine Metzger, two adorably indomitable dippers from Davies's early days, and Betty Sotzing, the company's venerable vendeuse. In two vast kitchens behind the shop, which might have been designed by Maurice Sendak, a formidable array of chocolates are produced. Included are everything from nut fudges to dipped marshmallow-and-caramel squares to chocolate-bathed coconut "crispiers," molasses "chips," mint and rum "chews," wintergreen and peppermint patties, and a superb line of coated fruits and nuts. "This is candies as they were 40, 50 years ago," Danny says, beaming. "I warn you, once you start eating you won't be able to stop."

In several categories, his bravura is well founded. First of all we must applaud his hand-dipped candies' size—they are the only true "miniature" chocolates to be found on the New York circuit. Davies's coating chocolates come from Nestlé's (the supplier for several other houses in this survey). These, of a highly commendable if not spectacular quality, would still satisfy the specifications of the author of the French bible of gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin: "... sweet without being insipid, strong but not bitter, aromatic but not unwholesome, and thick but not grainy." While the chocolate is melted with mesmerized caution, even more elaborate attention is lavished on the creation of the centers.

Danny holds a low opinion of chocolate-dipped fresh fruits: "This is a gimmick, this is silliness, this is not candies." He insists, "We put a lot of care into it; we don't just dip, we make our own fruits." This usually involves the cooking, grinding, pureeing, flavoring, mixing, and shaping of preserved fruit. The results are among the most delicious centers we have found anywhere. Imported Turkish dried apricots are



Heart-stopping: From the heart of Chinatown come Mailan Lee's Duchess sweets.

transformed into a poignantly pungent essence of their former selves. A fine puree of prune is prodded gently with cinnamon, and the dates are persuaded to "take a little honey." Probably the best, and certainly the most sophisticated, of all is the "nut and fruit" center, an intriguing mélange of ground candied cherries and orange peel, raisins, apricots, dates, and mixed nuts bound by an invisible skein of ginger. Other centers are prepared with equal integrity: Mr. Pekmezaris refuses to use an instant base for his creams, and consequently, his are the smoothest we've sampled. The ethereal chocolate-mint center of the "melt-away" seems literally to vanish in the mouth.

For Valentine's Day, Davies will be well stocked with heart-shaped boxes. Danny will create edible heart-shaped containers from molds made in 1931, as well as solid mementos for sentimentalists. Davies's chocolates are priced at \$4.50 a pound, a notable bargain, with coated nuts at \$5.

The Four Seasons, 99 East 52nd Street (754-9494). Yes, *the* Four Seasons, where the potential shock of the postprandial check is sweetened by the simultaneous appearance, on the house, of the Aga Khan of hand-dipped chocolate cherry cordials. Few people know that the cherries (and, for that matter, any of the infamously sinful pastries

on the dessert wagon) can be purchased, on advance notice, directly from the restaurant. Every summer, chef Bruno Comin selects plumply perfect Bing cherries at the peak of their season. Pitted, but with their stems left intact, the cherries are submerged in a splendidly inebriating marinade of calvados and rums. Here they hibernate until the Christmas holidays, at which point they are drained and dried as needed, dipped in snowy fondant, and then given not one but two sable robes of unctuously fresh, melted and tempered chocolate.

Chef Comin reminds us that the schedule for eating a freshly dipped chocolate cherry is all-important. They taste best, he advises, on the second day, which is when the Four Seasons serves them. The Four Seasons' chocolate cherries are available from the Christmas holidays *only through Valentine's Day*. They are \$5 a dozen and must be ordered at least a day in advance.

Sweet Temptation, 195 Madison Avenue between 34th and 35th streets (532-3741), and 1070 Madison between 80th and 81st streets (861-6011). Ron Altman, a lyricist, and Bob Cohen, a singer, have joined forces to create a kind of Heidi-and-the-Trapp-family-come-to-Madison-Avenue extravaganza in kaleidoscopic Technicolor. Have the chil-



Mmmmm, good: May Flynn and Katherine Metzger dip candies at Davies in Queens.

dren been unusually couth? Well, here's their reward. Knotty pine paneling and shelves create a cozy ambience for saucer-eyed gaping at row upon row of oversized candy-stuffed jars. Here one finds inexpensively priced confections that we would label "children's chocolates" much in the spirit of Dickensian "boy's meat."

At slightly higher prices, Sweet Temptation also sells nut patties and orange-peel coated in an uncloying milk chocolate of real character, an attractive compromise between "milk" and "semisweet." Though these are hand-dipped in Ohio, they are consistently fresh. Sweet Temptation also operates its own kitchens, where it prepares hand-dipped fresh fruits. The green grapes and orange sections we sampled were encased in a chocolate of delicious, albeit fleeting, flavor. They were a fine offering at the price, even if their coating lacked the reverberating aftertaste of Krön's. According to season, Sweet Temptation will be dipping cherries, strawberries, peaches, and other fresh fruits as well as preserved apricots, pineapple, etc. In fact, the owners claim they will dip *anything*, a rather rash promise that in itself might bear interesting fruit.

Sweet Temptation offers an imaginative selection of canisters, tins, boxes, and jars in which candies can be

packed, and for Valentine's Day it will be featuring appliquéd lace hearts and Italian red-wicker baskets to be filled with chocolates, as well as a miniature red-and-white hatbox filled with chocolate hearts and a flowerpot of cinnamon hearts. Milk-chocolate nut patties and orange peel, \$3.50 to \$5 a pound; hand-dipped fruits, \$8 to \$10 a pound.

Ellens, 1165 Madison Avenue between 85th and 86th streets (BU 8-1600). Ellens is a cosmopolitan state of mind, a mom-and-pop store for the rich, an Aladdin's larder of goodies, both sweet and salt, culled from the farthest-flung spots on the globe: English mints, Vermont maple syrup, German marzipan, Atlantic City taffy, Israeli fruit drops, Scottish shortbread . . .

At present Ellen's candies are made for the proprietors, Peter and Margit Simon, according to their own German recipes by their own former dippers, who are now employed by another firm. This explains the chief weakness of Ellen's chocolates: We have found them, over a period of time, to be of distinctly varying freshness. When absolutely fresh, they are profoundly good with a tenderly firm, pleasingly bitter, and lustrously silken coating. Among the chocolates in Ellen's "assortments" are some which are dipped exclusively for this shop: Included are superb rum-doused prunes, fire-and-ice mints, vel-

vety smooth coffee truffles, a crunchy "croquant" of hazelnuts and almonds crisped in molten sugar, and slivers of preserved ginger of unusual delicacy. Our favorite of all is Ellen's rum ball, an intoxicating nugget of suave and fuming density sealed in a cocoon of midnight-dark chocolate. After a very light dessert (or no dessert at all), Ellen's specials go wonderfully well with strong black coffee. They *must* be fresh, however, and accordingly should be ordered in advance.

Ellen's dietetic chocolate is perhaps the city's best. It is a rich milk chocolate with only a hint of the unreal. It has the characteristic but not objectionable "malty" undertaste of most dietetic chocolate, but a minimum of the usual aftertaste of metallic rankness. For Valentine's Day, Ellen's boasts a vast repertoire of containers, including flower-strewn Limoges hearts of varying sizes, Portuguese lead-glass hearts, and a heart-shaped box of molded bitter-sweet chocolate, any of which can be filled with whatever selection of chocolates you like. Chocolates from \$4.95 to \$6.95 a pound; rum balls cost \$3.50 a dozen.

Elk Candy Company, 240 East 86th Street (650-1177). If your thwarted desire is to curl up inside a witch-free gingerbread house, run to the Elk. Its narrow little salesroom is perilously piled from floor to lofty ceiling with masses of colorful Swiss and German chocolate bars and festive tins of imported cookies. At Christmastime, festoons of *lebkuchen*, *spitzkuchen*, and gingerbread ornaments crisscross the room. The celebrated specialty of the Elk is homemade marzipan, but chocolate has also been made on the premises for 28 years. The present proprietor, Albert W. Hadener, has owned the shop for the last ten and is a stickler for tradition. An infectious jolly gent wrapped in a long chef's apron, he looks for all the world like a crimson-cheeked marzipan man, lavishly chocolate-dipped from the shoulders down. His recipes for blending chocolate and concocting centers are an amalgam of tricks borrowed from Germany, Austria, Sweden, and England, as well as Switzerland, where he was trained in the art of candy-making.

Albert Hadener's freshly coated chocolates are all of the bittersweet school or, more precisely, *mi-amer* (half-bitter), a Swiss denomination for a sweet and richly heady dark chocolate. Needless to say, marzipan fillings are the star attractions, and justifiably so—nowhere in the city can you find better. The chocolate-coated marzipan squares, "dominoes" half-dipped in chocolate, and "sandwiches" (two layers of marzipan with a layer of chocolate cream in between) are equally

tender, moist, and seductively redolent of almond oil. Other delicious centers are the coffee-walnut marzipan, the brittle butterscotch-flavored croquant, a chewily resistant caramel, a candied orange slice neither too sharp nor too dull, and an *haute-cuisine* version of the popular commercial "turtle"—exquisite clusters of undersized pecans ensconced in melting toffee and bathed in regal chocolate. Only a marzipan-stuffed prune fails because the almond paste overwhelms the mellow pungency of the preserved fruit.

For Valentine's Day, the Elk will be selling small chocolate-covered marzipan hearts and larger uncoated hearts decorated with hand-painted flowers. Available too is an infinite variety of heart-shaped boxes, from small paper models to stage-door-Johnny satin-and-velour creations. One monster measures more than two feet in breadth, holds seven pounds of chocolates, and costs a heartfelt \$55. Generally speaking, though, Elk chocolates are priced at \$4.80 a pound.

Butterfly, 60 East 59th Street (752-0703). A circus-bright hand-lettered sign above the harried rush of 59th Street announces: "Hand-dipped strawberries, blueberries, grapes, bananas, and oranges." Beneath it, a cheery display window glitters like a crazy quilt of vividly wrapped candies. Butterfly's chocolates are made according to Swiss and German recipes by "a woman with six helpers in Brooklyn," according to the shop's friendly proprietors. Among all the chocolates we've tasted that were not dipped on the premises, Butterfly's are the most reliably fresh, though the chocolate itself is somewhat less laudable.

As for Butterfly's hand-dipped fruits, a chocolate-shrouded muscat grape bursts upon the tongue as a wonderfully aromatic surprise. The muscat's numerous woody pips, however, are a less gratifying encounter. The orange sections are less gargantuan, hence less messy, than Krön's; the plump strawberries, unlike Krön's, are completely immersed in chocolate. The chocolate-dipped banana is a disastrous experiment, although children might appreciate its hair-raisingly mushy texture. All in all, Butterfly's dipped fruits, although lacking the luscious finesse of Krön's masterly coating, give excellent value for the money.

Butterfly is also the only shop to carry milk-chocolate-dipped fresh fruits. Here one must exercise caution. Milk-chocolate fanatics may be pleased, but bear in mind that when the citric acid of a juicy orange collides with the milk solids in the chocolate, a curdled flavor is inevitable—at best recalling chocolate cheesecake, at worst, stale cottage cheese. Safer bets are the milk-choc-



Dandy candy: Bob Cohen, Ron Altman, and Sweet Temptation's kid-pleasing goodies.

olate-dipped grapes and strawberries or candied citrus rinds. Other confections we may confidently recommend include a nutty burnt-almond patty bound by a mere suggestion of caramel, and a small chocolate cauliflowerer of coarsely shredded coconut that tastes like a socially registered Mounds bar. But avoid at all costs the house special—a horrid, lumpy, salty chocolate-coated pretzel.

For Valentine's Day, Butterfly has collected many different heart-shaped paper boxes. The chocolates cost \$6.50 a pound, and the hand-dipped fresh fruits, \$7.50.

Schwartz Chocolates, 131 West 72nd Street (EN 2-1264). Mr. and Mrs. Allen Schwartz, assisted by nine employees, two of whom are dippers, have been making chocolates for 38 years, and they developed their recipes themselves. The large, unpretentious shop, a local institution, has been wisely left unaltered from its earlier days. Unchanged are the flowered wallpaper, tall glass cases, and the period Art Deco fluorescent sign that proclaims in throbbing orchid that Schwartz's merchandise is "Out of This World."

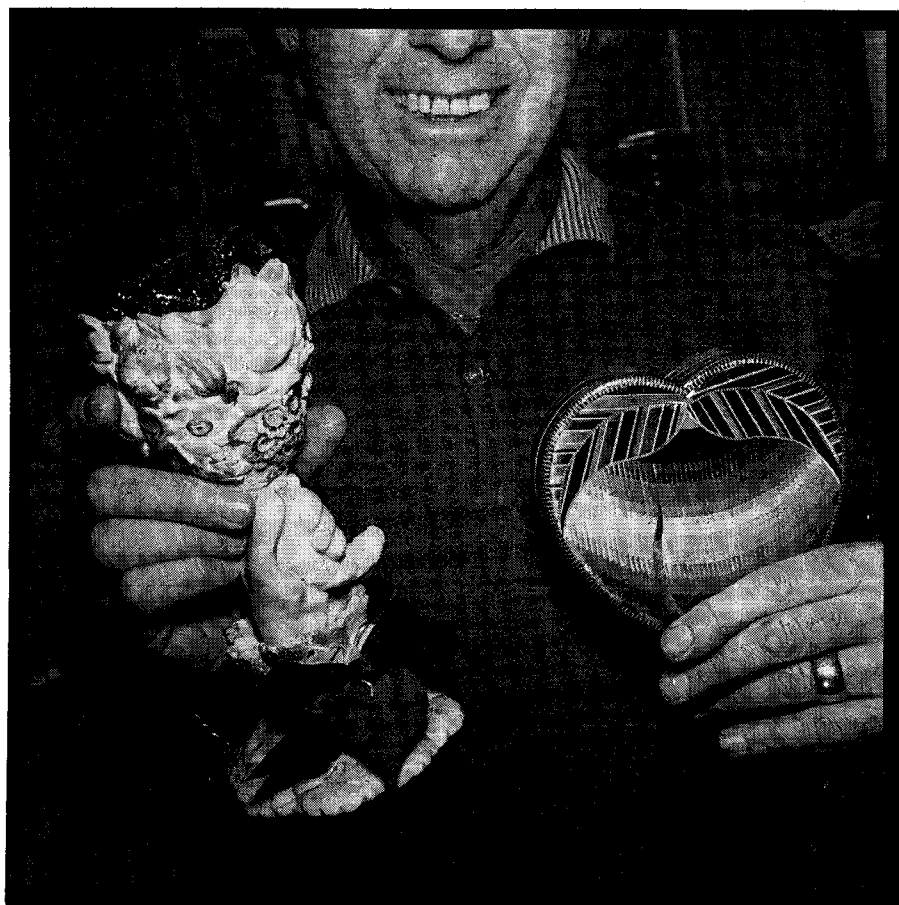
The Schwartzes are particularly proud of their marshmallow confections. Indeed, they are faultlessly fresh, featherweight, resiliently springy, even lusciously chewy when teamed with a buttery caramel. Avoid the fruit "fla-

vors," here as elsewhere. However, the authentic flavor of the Schwartzes' chocolate, although a bit thin, lingers in the mouth with a dry bitterness which we find very pleasant: It is a highly effective foil for the wispy sugared blandness that is the essential nature of marshmallow. The milk chocolate is not nearly as distinguished.

As mentioned, the Schwartzes' caramels are creamily superior. Their tangy molasses coconut has a powerhouse treachery punch which to our minds improves the coconut by bringing it to its knees. But the *pièces de résistance* are the slices of candied peach and pear, lilies of such subtle glory that their chocolate gilding may seem *de trop* even to the most insatiable chocolate orgiast. In harsh contrast are the dietetic chocolates, "sweetened" with mannitol: Some taste like mildew, ash, and candle drippings; others, the way a musty cellar smells.

Schwartz's will be stocked with valentine boxes as well as bittersweet and milk-chocolate hearts. Most chocolates are \$4.50 a pound. Coated orange peel costs \$5 a pound; glazed fruit, \$6; and dietetic chocolates, \$5.

Mondel Chocolates, 2913 Broadway at 114th Street (UN 4-2111). A mini-shop nestled behind a window clogged with a Santa's spill of toys and treats, Mondel's features a delectable dark



Aristocracy: Plumbridge is considered New York's master packager of sweet gifts.

chocolate blended in the Hungarian tradition that is certainly comparable to Schwartz's. Unfortunately, so is its milk chocolate, which, like the competition's, suffers from an insipid junketlike flavor. Here the allurements include a fresher-than-fresh marzipan-and-chocolate sandwich, tasting as if it has been steeped in Amaretto; an aptly named butter crunch wrapped in dark milk chocolate and chopped nuts; and creamy little tiles of chocolate mint. The shop's minute "orange chocolate cup" expels an elusive aura of orange blossom, but the "coffee cup," at least the time we tried it, tasted oddly of scorched nuts. Mondel's seemingly plain soft chocolate truffles astonish with their musky woodland scent and flavor of pulverized hazelnuts—highly recommended.

Miss Mondel, whom we interviewed behind the counter, moonlights after hours in her father's kitchens, doing all the dipping herself. Her father, the founding Mondel, is a diabetic and makes an unusually successful dietetic chocolate sweetened with a secret formula of mannitol, saccharin, and sorbitol. The selection is not large (only nuts and raisins were available the day of our visit), but we are told that these chocolates have a very low fat content (10 percent). We can believe it. The Mondels sensibly sidestep the gastro-

nomic pitfalls of artificial-tasting chemical sweeteners by using them sparingly. The result is a "chocolate" that is forthrightly bitter but as satisfying as ersatz confections can ever be.

Mondel will have a large supply of "the prettiest boxes in town," as well as porcelain hearts, both large and small, from China and Japan. All Mondel's chocolates are priced at \$5.99 a pound, except for the dietetic variety, which are \$7.99.

Plumbridge, 33 East 61st Street (371-0608). This is the Tiffany, the Cartier, the Van Cleef & Arpels of candy shops. The company, the city's oldest of its kind, was founded in 1883 by Charles and Sophie Plumbridge, an English couple, and the carriage trade has been charging its doors ever since.

Now owned by Douglas Petrillo, Plumbridge is just one flight up in a trim little townhouse around the corner from the Regency Hotel. The décor reflects both the establishment's Anglo-Saxon roots and the design talents of Mr. Petrillo, a former art director at Young and Rubicam: a towering display breakfront of Regency derivation, an eighteenth-century English faux-bois writing table at which early clients once penned cards to departing voyagers, and walls a honey color to match Plumbridge's fabled spiced pecans. Transcending all is a splendid collection

of Oriental porcelains.

The chocolates have changed with the years, Mr. Petrillo explains. Creams and maple flavors are out. They were popular with the older generation, but Plumbridge moves with the times, and the times dictate caramels; filbert patties of caramel and chocolate; cloud-soft mint; vanilla and maple-walnut marshmallows; tangy orange peel; coconut; and a silken beehive butter crunch. This is an aristocratic assortment, and it is English, not continental, in origin.

The specialties of the house include an extraordinary assortment of chocolate-coated dragées: Spanish peanuts, raisins, bits of preserved Italian melon and orange peel, and chocolate coffee beans—the Valhalla of bridge mixes. When eaten as they should be, by the handful, their flavors sing out in perfect harmony. Another specialty is a delicacy beloved of New Yorkers in the forties and fifties, but now apparently available nowhere else: mocha-coated Brazil nuts, almonds, and filberts—beautiful egg shapes rolled in cocoa. The distinguished chocolate coating, a blend of semisweets, is beyond reproach.

Plumbridge is certainly New York's master packager of sweets. Cloth-covered boxes of every size abound, in Chinese silks, brocades, velvets, prints, and batiks, antique and new. For Valentine's Day, the possibilities range from small heart-shaped cones stuffed with tiny multicolored chocolate-coated mints (\$4), and an endearing old-fashioned pink-and-white molded sugar heart that is filled with candies (\$7.50), to a Victorian porcelain vase (a hand proffering an extravagant nose-gay) filled with solid, red-foil-wrapped hearts (\$100). Between these poles are a pink teacup, heart-shaped baskets, heirloom red-and-white stained-glass boxes, Wedgwood hearts, pyramids of graduated baskets, and a series of decoupage and repoussé bonbonnières by Elinora Ives. Plumbridge assorted chocolates, dragées, and French mocha nuts all cost \$7.50 a pound.

Evelyn Chocolates, 4 John Street (267-5170), allows Wall Streeters a chance to flee their ticker tapes and focus more rewardingly on the house's resident dippers. Specialties here are the chocolate-covered preserved-fruit and nut patties. **Fox's Nut Shoppe**, 1230 Lexington Avenue between 83rd and 84th streets (879-7395), is a cheerful and long-popular institution specializing in nuts—the hand-dipped nut patties here are best. **Li-Lac**, 120 Christopher Street (CH 2-7374), is famed for its milk chocolates. The chocolates at **Martha's Candy Kitchen**, 60-41 Myrtle Avenue, Queens (EV 6-9183), feature fruit-jelly centers brewed from pure fruit.

Need we say more? ■

...s caught lifting a hand-
 wrong pocket. Herman: Charles
 archensky. Brenda: Eilene Weiss.
THE YOUNG ANESTHESIOLOGISTS
 links to Mr. Honig's gall bladder
 ration David meets Elizabeth
 man, a new nurse with a strange
 tant for anesthesiologists, and
 ulations set in. David: John Bay.
 ath: Cynthia Beck.

DANO
 ek, Giordano investigates the
 us slaying of a Lhasa-Apso
 age parlor. Giordano: Jack

Musical
 Story." A group of rich but
 uth set out to deface
 New York City in this
 ersion of the 1969
 Barry Lisse, Kathe
 evenson.
PORT
 ty of vice in Hacken-

...ing girl from the slums,
 Award-winning performances by John
 Caggiano and Mike Mangano.

9:00 2 MOVIE—Science Fiction
 "It Came from Beneath the Rock."
 (1963) A worm, after growing to enor-
 mous proportions, attempts to devour
 Burbank, California. Mike Lawlor,
 Sachi Tasaka.

JOE LAUN AMATEUR HOUR—
 Variety
 Joe's guests tonight include comed-
 ans Coghlan and Gallagher, songstress
 Sue Hershey, tap dancer Leslie Citron
 and a host of other unknowns.

SPORTS
 Ping-Pong finals live via satellite from
 Peking.

ROMEO IN JOLIET
 This week, Tony Romeo's refusal to
 do a fox trot during a prison dance
 leads to an enormous jail break and
 the warden's cancelling of dances for
 two months. Tony: Jim Scalfone.

7 MOVIE—Mystery
 "The List of Harriet Messinger."
 (1971) A shopping list provides several
 clues in the mysterious disappearance
 of a bottle of rare wine from a cheese
 tycoon's home. Cameo appearances
 by thirty-nine top stars.

THANKS TO SONY'S BETAMAX, NOW YOU CAN CIRCLE TWO.

How many times have you wanted to watch
 two shows that are on at the same time?

Well, now you can.

Because Sony's remarkable Betamax —
 available in console (shown) or deck which hooks
 up to any TV set — can actually videotape some-
 thing off one channel while
 you're watching another
 channel. Then, when you're
 finished watching one show,
 all you do is push some
 buttons and you see a tape
 of the show you would
 have missed.

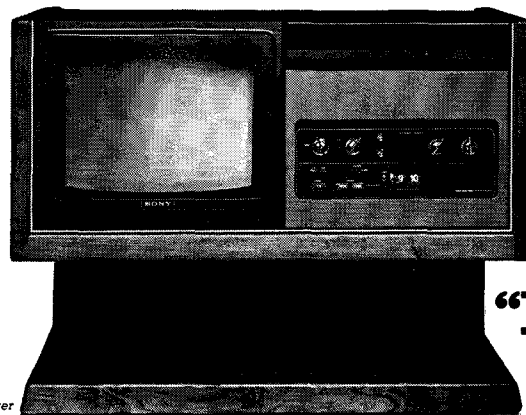
Another question. How
 many times have you had to
 go somewhere, or do some-
 thing, at a time when there

was something on TV you wanted to see?

Well, Sony's Betamax handles that one also.
 By setting an automatic timer, you can actually
 videotape something while you're not there. Then,
 when you are there, once again you can play
 back a tape of the show you would have missed.

Our one-hour tapes
 are reusable — just record
 over them, and use them
 over and over again.

Sony's Betamax. Who
 said you couldn't have it
 both ways?



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From Whiz Ad Woman To Whiz Novelist In Just Five Years

By Melanie Shorin

“... Helen Van Slyke dropped out of the executive rat race and, since 1972, her novels have sold more than 4 million copies ...”

Back in 1970 a successful Manhattan career woman leaned toward her dinner partner, a senior editor at Doubleday, and remarked: “I’d like to write a novel someday.” Editors like Larry Ashmead hear this sort of small talk with stupefying frequency, so Ashmead simply nodded. But over the next few months he did send his table companion, Helen Van Slyke, a succession of new books from Doubleday, until Van Slyke, who was then a vice-president of creative activities at Helena Rubinstein, cried, “Enough! Why on earth are you sending me all these horrible books?”

Ashmead slyly asked if Van Slyke thought she could do better. The result was a first novel called *The Rich and the Righteous*, which, most people guessed, was a *roman à clef* about one of Van Slyke’s previous employers, W. Maxey Jarman, and his Genesco empire.

Since then, Van Slyke has dropped out of the executive rat race, has published four more novels, and has sold more than 4 million copies in paperback. She is now negotiating with Hollywood for a movie and with television for a series, and has, at age 57, turned herself into a sort of one-woman industry—churning out stylish, contemporary, and frankly romantic “women’s books” that the critics call “sudsy” but her readers devour.

“I’m very popular in Florida among the purple-haired ladies,” she explains; “I get an exorbitant amount of flattering mail. The reason I’ve been so successful is that 98 percent of all novels are bought by women who want to identify with something.

“Most of my readers can’t relate to the neurotic, nympho heroines in the novels

From ‘The Rich and the Righteous’

There was disappointment in Elwood Marina’s voice when he finally spoke. “Your being a part of my family has never had anything to do with my respect for your capabilities, Frank. I’ve always considered myself doubly lucky to have you as a co-worker and a son. What you’ve just told us makes the decision much more difficult. Obviously, it would be impossible for you to stay on if I sold Elmarie to Haylow. Feeling the way you do, it wouldn’t work. But is this company so important to you? After all, you and Marie would be very rich. You could start another kind of business if you wanted. Or just live and enjoy yourselves. There’s a kind of irony in the fact that you’d be doing so on Joe Haylow’s money, isn’t there?”

Boswell shook his head. “Not enough irony to console me for the fact that our double-dealing friend has had it his way as usual. . . .”

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today. Those books are written by novelists who talk to themselves, not to other people. I once wrote some rock-bottom sex—the most pornographic chapter I could. My editor read it and said, ‘You don’t need it, and you don’t do it well, so forget it.’ Women have more imagination than men. They don’t need graphic explanations.”

Van Slyke has been a newspaper-woman, a magazine editor, a department-store manager, an advertising executive, a cosmetics-company president, and now, as a novelist, is conducting a personal vendetta against the New York Times.

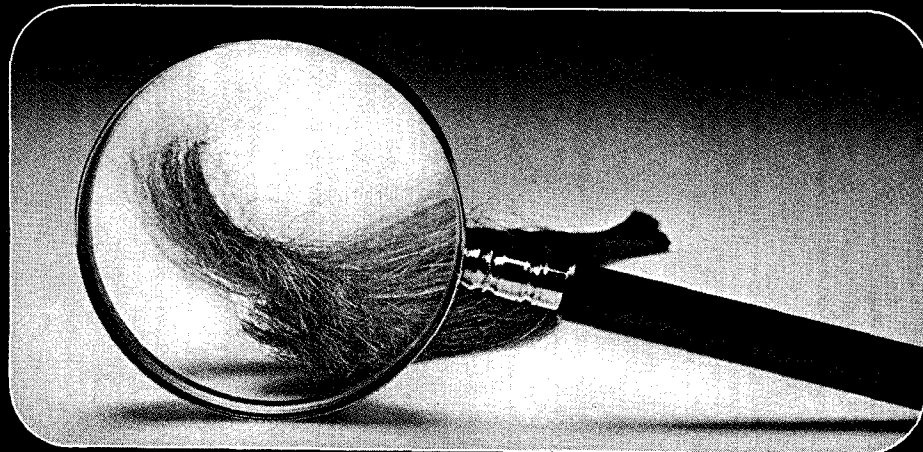
“The Times has never reviewed any of my books. That’s their privilege. Maybe I’m better off. What bothers me is the Times best-seller list. My book *The Best Place to Be* has sold 75,000 copies, and I know for a fact that not all the books on the New York Times best-seller list have sold that many. It isn’t fair. I don’t know how the Times decides on what are best-sellers. It’s like the Nielsen ratings; I’ve never met one person who has been called and asked what TV show he’s watching, and I haven’t met anyone who knows how the New York Times best-seller list works.

“The week that they ran the best-sellers of 1976, Doubleday ran an ad facing their box, naming Doubleday best-sellers, and one of my books was on it. It’s not a matter of vanity—it’s subjective reporting. I don’t think the Times has anything against me personally. I’m not paranoid. It’s just curious and aggravating.”

Van Slyke is witty, attractive, chic, smokes too much, has a Kate Hepburn voice, and strolls about her Upper East Side apartment, even at 3 P.M. on a dreary Tuesday afternoon, in an elegant, flowing gown. An interviewer once referred to her as a “bubble bath.”

Like the heroine of her novel *The Heart Listens*, Helen Van Slyke was an only child who wanted a glamorous life. For a sixteen-year-old fresh out of high school, that meant newspaper work. “I got (Continued on page 51)

Maybe, your squeaky clean hair is really crying out for help.



We're not against washing your hair. We're just against weakening your hair.

Shampooing.

Everybody's doing it. Once a week. Once a day. And the truth is just about everybody's doing it wrong. And doing their hair a lot of harm.

The wrong way to shampoo. The way the TV commercials have it you get into the shower and lather. Big, billowy headsful of lather. Once, twice, even three times. Then, when all natural oils are stripped away, when hair is weak and most vulnerable, wide open to splitting and breakage—then, and only then is your hair supposedly “squeaky” clean. If hair could talk, it would say it's in pain.

The right way to Shampoo de Pantene®. Pour just a bit of Pantene into your palm.

Work it into scalp first, then into hair. Leave the lather on 30 seconds. Rinse. That's it.

Don't expect a big, billowy lather. You generally get that when harsh, inexpensive shampoos absorb air. From Pantene you get a rich, creamy lather made up of thousands of tiny bubbles which surround the hair's cuticle and gently lift out dirt. Leaving hair shiny and clean. Not squeaky. But clean. Not weak and vulnerable. But healthier looking than before.

The explanation. The Shampoo de Pantene is scientifically balanced

to do the most good for hair. From its controlled pH to its proper blend of exclusive Swiss Conditioners: *Pantyl to add spring and bounce; Phytantriol to maintain hair's moisture balance.

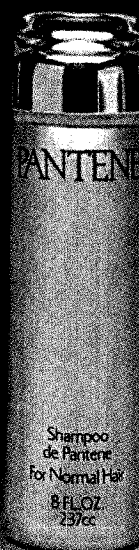
Then there's Panthenol. It's Pro-Vitamin B₅ which penetrates each hair shaft, adding pliability and sheen.

More on shampooing. Handle wet hair gently.

Detangle with a wide tooth comb. Wash it as often as you like but always with Shampoo de Pantene.

And yes, Shampoo de Pantene is more expensive than ordinary shampoo. But isn't that the only head of hair you have?

*Product made in U.S.A.



**Your hair never needed
Pantene® like it does today.**

For the store nearest you, call toll free (800) 447-4700. In Ill. call (800) 322-4400. Medically tested products from The Pantene Company, Nutley, New Jersey 07110, Div. Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., one of the largest laboratories devoted to health.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Merit Technology Applied To 100mm Cigarette.

'Enriched Flavor'™ process applied to new low tar 100mm cigarette with striking success.

MERIT established a whole new taste standard for low tar smoking.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The kind of taste no conventional low tar cigarette could deliver.

MERIT discovered a way to pack flavor—extra flavor—into

Kings: 9 mg.'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg.'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

tobacco without the usual corresponding increase in tar.

If you smoke but haven't chosen to take advantage of the MERIT breakthrough because you prefer a longer length cigarette, you'll be interested.

Because now there's a MERIT for you, too. New MERIT 100's.

Only 12 mg. of tar. Yet packed with extra flavor. Natural flavor. Flavor that can't burn out, can't drop out, can't do anything but come through.

The kind of flavor that makes "low tar, good taste" a reality for 100's smokers.

'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco

Like MERIT, MERIT 100's are packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. Tobacco fortified with certain key flavor-rich ingredients isolated in cigarette smoke, and *proven* to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

We taste-tested MERIT 100's against some of the toughest competition we could find: higher tar 100mm cigarettes.

Here are the results.

Test Data Conclusive

New 12 mg. tar MERIT



MERIT & MERIT MENTHOL. KINGS & 100's.

100's were taste-tested against a number of major 100mm brands ranging from 17 mg. to 19 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were tested. The results: *overall they liked the taste*

of MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar 100mm brands tested.

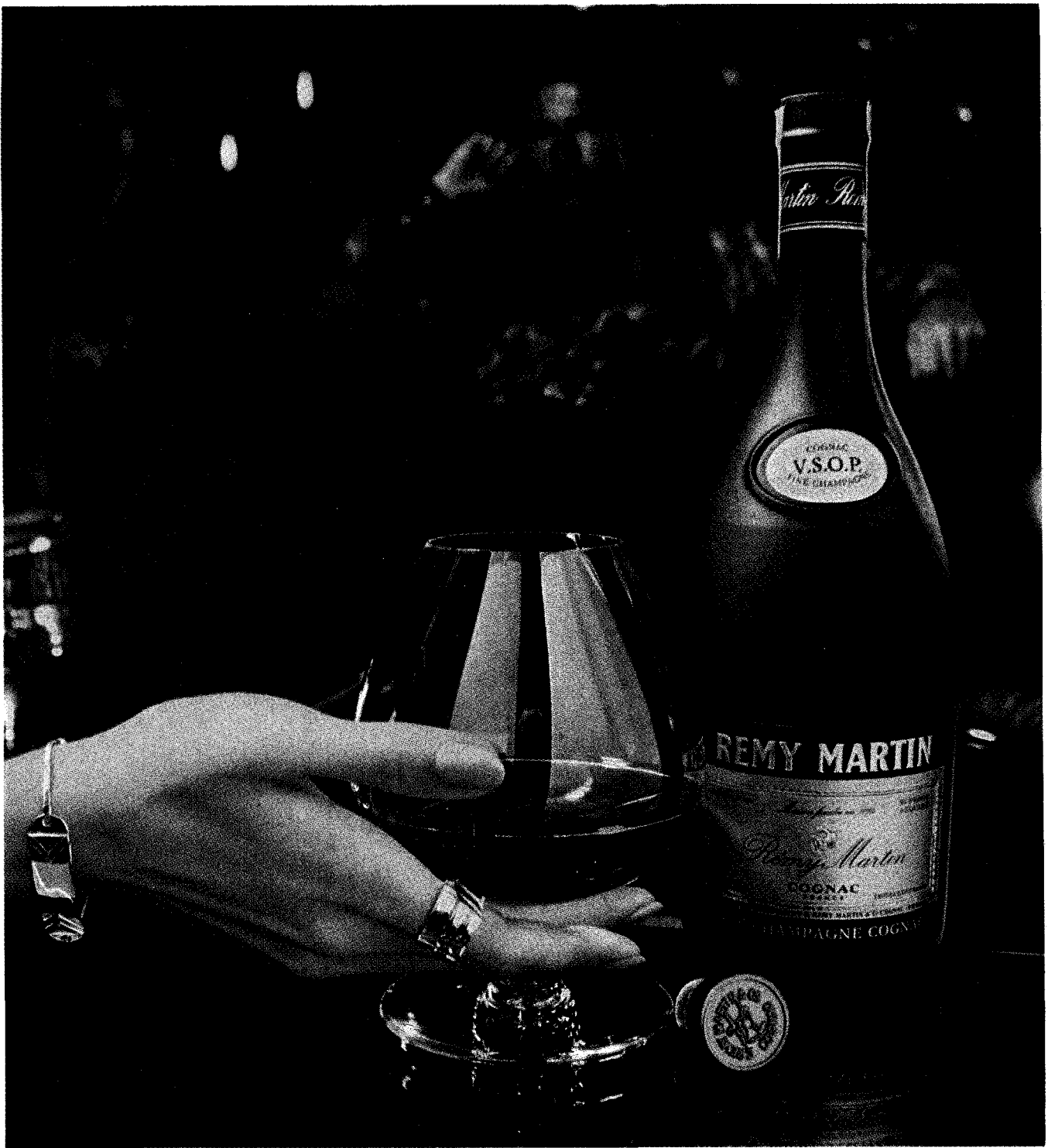
MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL. King Size and new 100's.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking has been broken again.

MERIT 100's

Have anything you want before dinner.

After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin.



Only after dinner can you devote the time and attention that Remy Martin cognac demands—and so richly repays. And no other cognac—no other drink—can so enhance your best hours.

Forget the compromises of the day.
After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin and you.

80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd. New York

Remy Martin[®]
V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

The after dinner drink

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

“... ‘I’m not willing to live in a garret writing rich, beautiful prose,’ says Helen Van Slyke. ‘I want my books to *sell*’...”

(Continued from page 46) my first job on the *Daily News* in Washington, D.C., by lying and saying I was eighteen. I was hired to sell ads and I made about \$14.50 a week.” At age eighteen she was fashion editor of the rival *Evening Star*. Seven years later she came to New York as beauty editor of *Glamour* magazine.

Fashion magazines in those days were very glamorous and low-paying. “It was a crazy, zany, wonderful time,” she recalls. “We acted as though we were right out of Twentieth Century-Fox. The editors included Geraldine Stutz and Joan Glynn. There was an office manager who, when asked for a paint job, said, ‘We only have one color—merciful oblivion.’”

“When one of the staff asked for a raise, the editor asked, ‘Why, darling, has someone stopped your allowance?’”

At *Glamour*, Van Slyke had her first encounter with Charles Revson. “There was a new company, Hazel Bishop, that made Revlon nervous. They were always nervous about any new competition. I put Hazel Bishop into an editorial column because I thought our readership should be aware of the new products on the market. Revlon was a big advertiser in *Glamour*. Revson was outraged by my mention of Hazel Bishop and threatened to withdraw Revlon’s ads. The advertising director of *Glamour* was very upset and insisted that we go to apologize to Revson. I refused. After all, I was only reporting a new line. About a week later I got a call from Hazel Bishop. They heard I had been having some trouble with Revlon and asked me to come up to see them. They presented me with a huge account. I was overjoyed and I took it to the ad department. The director was furious: ‘How dare you interfere with the advertising department?’”

“My feelings about Charles are ambivalent,” Van Slyke says. “He was not a nice human being, but he was a genius—more intuitive than anybody I know in that business. Years later, when I was working for Norman, Craig & Kummel advertising agency, I brought him a new promotion called Avant Garde. He started in with his dramatics: ‘You’re killing me. I’m surrounded by assassins,’ he shouted. ‘What is this name, A-vant-a Garda?’ He hated it but he knew it was right and he used it.”

Helen decided to leave *Glamour* the day they handed her a crystal bowl

and wished her a happy fifteenth anniversary. She was 40 years old. “I thought, ‘Oh my God—I’ve got to get out of here.’ Condé Nast was wonderful, but I’d just had enough.”

She no longer reads *Glamour* but does have strong opinions on *Vogue* and *Harper’s Bazaar*. “I am heartbroken to see *Bazaar* and *Vogue* go to that smaller size. They’ve lost the beautiful gloriousness. Now they all look like *Glamour*. *Vogue* is unreal. They used to show wonderful, inviting clothes. Now they have very weird clothes on weird

From ‘The Heart Listens’

It had been nearly fifty years since anyone had pampered Elizabeth. Many had loved her. Not a few had used her. Some, she liked to think, had benefited by knowing her. But none had pampered her. It was not a word one used in thinking of this handsome white-haired woman with the alert blue eyes, the quick humor, the sturdy, competent air. “Elizabeth is so incredibly self-sufficient,” they said. As though she never needed a shoulder to weep on, arms to shield her, quiet words to gentle away the hurts and fears. “Elizabeth can take care of herself,” they said. And so she had.

Nor, dear stranger, was she serene. . . .

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ladies in depressing settings. I find it a turnoff. The funny thing is that fashion is forever. You just have to go to the Metropolitan Museum to see what endures.”

Meanwhile, Geraldine Stutz, who had left *Glamour* in 1952 and became president of Henri Bendel in 1957, was pushing Van Slyke to set up a new cosmetics department there. “I said, ‘Gerry, I have never been to the store except as a customer. I don’t know anything about it.’ She just said, ‘That’s fine—I hate buyer types.’ When I called my mother to tell her, all she could say was, ‘You’re going to work in a department store? This is what you really want to do? Well, don’t worry, dear, we’ll always eat.’”

Van Slyke loved Bendel’s and worked closely with Stutz, creating the store’s “Gilded Cage.” Six months later,

when boredom seeped in, she took over advertising and promotion. Then she was wooed away by Doyle, Dane, Bernbach. There, Van Slyke, who claims she can’t function in ugly surroundings, was pushed into a cubbyhole with a steel desk and no secretary. “I sat there for six months with very little to do, until one day I got a phone call from Norman B. Norman of Norman, Craig & Kummel. He said, ‘Get right up here.’ I left immediately.”

As vice-president and copy-planning supervisor at Norman, Craig & Kummel, she worked with Chanel, Schenley, Maidenform, and Revlon. Then, in 1963, she got a better offer. Maxey Jarman, chairman of Genesco, offered her the presidency of a Genesco company, the House of Fragrance. And the perks included a private dining room, kitchen, and bathroom.

But Van Slyke had doubts. “I don’t know how to be a president,” she told Jarman. “I’ll make mistakes.” Jarman reassured her by asking if she would take an eight-and-a-half-hour psychological test. She agreed, and the test revealed her creative skills and her inability to deal with numbers. Presidential material, apparently. “I spent five very happy years there until the House of Fragrance was sold to the Sterling Drug Company.”

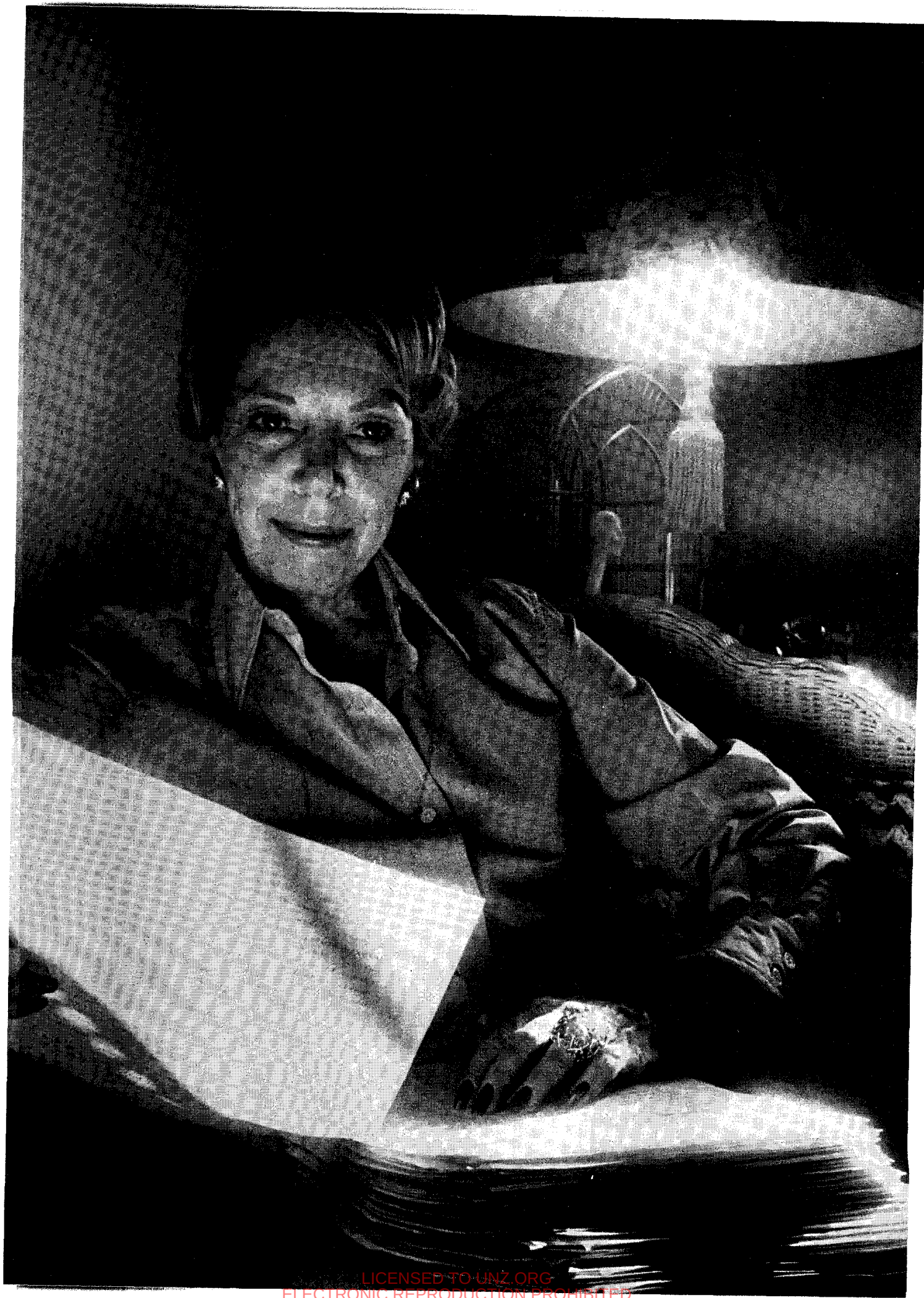
Van Slyke was never out of a job for long. When the House of Fragrance was sold, Charles Revson began to court her, but instead, she went to Helena Rubinstein as vice-president.

“Madame was brave, bold, cantankerous, stingy, all rolled into one. Every five or six weeks, I would have lunch with her, and she always gave us gifts. The gift was pressed into your hand as you left. Sometimes it was a crummy bridge set wrapped in newspaper with a rubber band around it and sometimes it was something wonderful. One day when I got downstairs I opened my present, and all wrapped up in newspaper were two large uncut emeralds.”

Maybe it was the emeralds, maybe the new office, but Helen stayed with Rubinstein from 1968 until 1972.

“I can’t fault them,” she says. “They were very kind to me, but at that point I had a low threshold of tolerance and it was dull—d-u-l-l. Mostly I sat in meetings from morning to night. I was well paid but bored.”

If she hadn’t met Larry Ashmead at that dinner party, Helen might still be in business. But after she sold her first book, *The Rich and the Righteous*,



“...‘I think the women’s movement has caused problems for women in business. I feel it’s alerted men to the dangers of women’...”

she knew novel-writing was her life.

“I’ll never forget calling every two minutes from the Flair Coffee House to see if Doubleday had bought it. After the first book, I signed a contract for a second and quit my job—scared to death! I’m just glad I didn’t know then that only 1 percent of fiction writers make a living. I’m not willing to live in a garret writing rich, beautiful prose. I want my books to *sell*.”

The transition from the business world to writing fiction wasn’t easy. “The shock is enormous when you go from a frenzied life to find yourself alone in a room with a typewriter. I feel a bit cut off from the world but I can’t complain—I love being my own boss. I ran into Madame Rubinstein’s son a while ago, and he said, ‘You look great. Have you had your face lifted?’ I told him, ‘I just lifted myself from business.’ People say it must take such discipline to write, but for years I had to get up at 7:30 and get all dressed up and go to the office. That took discipline. Now my office is in my apartment, and I work six days a week from 8:30 to 1:30. I love to write and I average about 2,500 words a day. I write long books, so it takes me about seven months to finish one.”

Tuesday is her day off, and she spends it lunching with friends, keeping up on what’s happening beyond the perimeters of her typewriter. “I lead a boringly sedate life. I go out, but not to everything. Sure I miss the stimulation and input of people, but then I think of the annoyances and temperaments. I’m not a hermit—it’s just that when you stop being Helen Van Slyke of *Glamour* or the House of Fragrance or Rubinstein, it is extraordinary how many people you no longer see or hear from.” In her newfound seclusion, Helen takes long baths, and plays cards with, among others, Vladimir Horowitz.

“He loves to play canasta. We were playing one night, and he was taking forever. I said, ‘Hurry up—it’s not a concert,’ and he said, ‘If you make a mistake at a concert, nobody knows. If you make a mistake at the canasta table, everyone knows!’”

If not quite as witty as her canasta partner, the men in Helen Van Slyke’s books are certainly colorful. What about the men in Helen’s own life?

“I was married for five years to an adorable, charming man. But he wasn’t a strong man. I see so many strong

ladies with husbands who are appendages. I am an enormously strong woman. I don’t need somebody that I can outsmart and outthink. I’m old-fashioned—I want a man who is stronger than I am. I don’t want anybody to fight my own battles for me. That’s why I can’t get involved in an organized movement. I never felt any discrimination. I think that the women’s movement has caused problems for women in business. I feel that it alerted men to the dangers of women.”

Her professional experiences supply

From ‘The Mixed Blessing’

He walked for miles, trying to make himself believe that it was really over. He had to believe it. His father was right. It was an impossible, romantic fantasy that must be laid to rest. They were like Romeo and Juliet, victims of their families. Except that he and Toni were not united in death; they were condemned to live apart in hopeless longing.

He passed a telegraph office. One last gesture, he thought. He sent her a cable. He was a writer but he had no words and he stood for a long while trying to think what to say. Finally he wrote, “I grieve. I accept. I adore. Alan.”

And then in a blind rush to forget, he turned toward Danielle’s apartment.

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material for her novels. “I’ve drifted away from magazines and cosmetics, and they’re the last thing I want to write about, but when I’m writing a book, something I lived through creeps in.

“I’ve been associated with bright, marvelous people, and I’ve also been with pains in the derriere. If I draw on people I know, they never recognize themselves or, conversely, they think I’ve written about them even if I haven’t. When I wrote *The Rich and the Righteous*, everyone thought it was about Genesco. It wasn’t, but I kept wondering if Maxey would think I was writing about him. Later, he told me he liked the book but that he couldn’t understand why I gave the leading character a name like Haylow.” (Maxey Jarman is a deeply religious man.)

Unlike many authors, Van Slyke doesn’t write from an outline. “I was an only child,” she explains, “and I used to fantasize about families. So when I write a book, I make a family tree. It’s like a game.”

Aside from writing, the most important aspect of book publishing is promotion: commercials, talk shows, the whole exhausting circuit. Ms. Van Slyke does it all. “It’s a terrible hang-up, but I love it! I have a minute of butterflies before I go on—and then you can’t get me off.

“In Columbus, Ohio, I was on a radio show discussing how to get a book published. Well, I was a bit punchy, and a woman called to say she had never heard such a boring show in her life. But is there anything that isn’t boring in Columbus?”

Then there’s the positive feedback, she added, “the letters from kids who tell me I introduced them to reading, and from older women and from women with kids of their own. I answer them all—they’re all so personal.”

Waiting for the product is a major frustration, though. “With newspaper work and retailing, I got immediate satisfaction. When I write a book, it doesn’t come out for a year and by that time I’m too involved with my next book to care.”

In six years, with five books, Helen Van Slyke has gone from successful businesswoman to successful novelist. Two of her novels, *The Heart Listens* and *The Mixed Blessing*, are being considered by John Conboy for a daytime TV series, and Ross Hunter is talking about the movie rights for *The Best Place to Be*, which is also coming out in ten foreign countries.

“It’s all an ego trip, but it’s fun,” says Van Slyke, who has already finished her 1977 book, *Always Is Not Forever* (“I don’t know what the title means but I like it”). Her next step is a trip to the Orient to search for ideas for a future book. With an annual income in the “respectable” six figures and the above deals pending, Van Slyke can do as she pleases. And that is just about anything. (“I’ve spent hundreds of dollars on a Givenchy dress and worn 98-cent underwear.”) Next, she jokes, she might go into commercials.

The one project she hasn’t mentioned might be the best. There’s this soap opera, see, about this attractively aging career woman who mentions one evening over dinner to a book publisher that she’d kind of like to try her hand at writing fiction and . . .

Working woman: Helen Van Slyke looks over part of her 2,500-word daily output.

Fashion / Priscilla Tucker

FROM BED TO BISTRO

"...There's no need for you to discard that most frilly of fashions, the old-fashioned bed jacket. Simply shift its locale..."

In the trend to look undressed rather than overdressed, what could be sexier, what could be more apt, than a bed jacket? Just because the new woman may be plugging in the coffee at 7 A.M. instead of sitting around in bed at 11 with a tray, there's no need to discard that most frilly of fashions. Simply shift its locale.

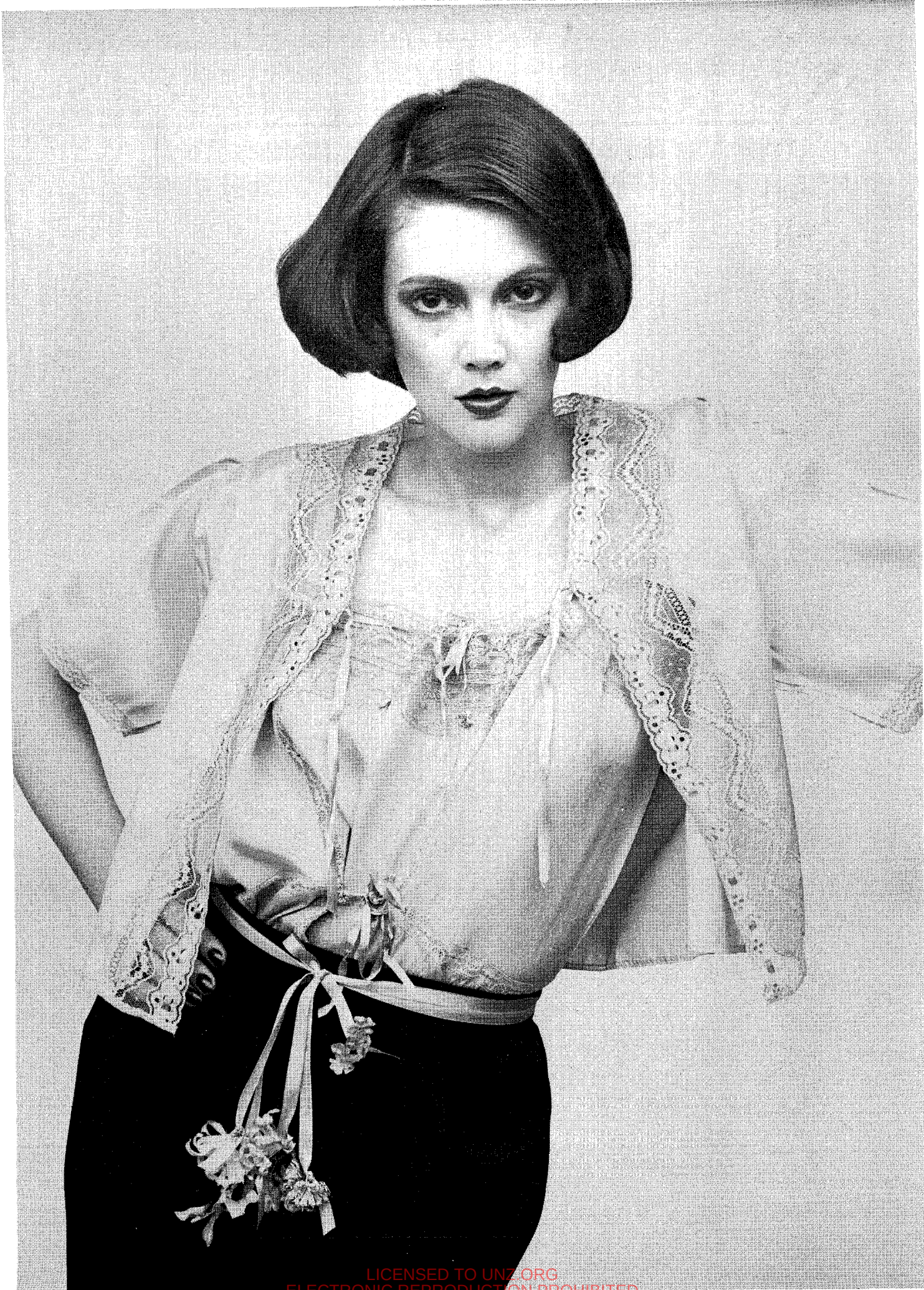
Jackie Rogers sells a little black georgette jacket to wear over a slip dress when going to a bistro. Designer Tinka has put eyelet-edged bed jackets with everything from tap shorts to sundresses in her flower-painted batiste clothes. And at St. Laurent, the bed jacket turned up over an afternoon dress (*his ladies still have afternoons*).

Young New Yorkers love to play with vintage jackets from antique-clothes shops like The Best of Everything. "Our girls wear them over a T-shirt or teddy with velvet pants tucked into boots," says owner Meredith Fiel, whose customers lounge on disco banquettes at night instead of in bed in the morning.



Dreamy: Edwardian batiste bed jacket, above, has voile lapels embroidered with flowers (\$125). Lydia, 21 East 65th Street.

Sultry: Thirties peach rayon bed jacket (\$20), right, tops pale-green teddy (\$16). The Best of Everything, 242 East 77th Street.



NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Publishing Business: It's a Dog-Eat-Dog Literary World

MORRIS WARMAN

MORRIS WARMAN



Wieser, Feeley: A coincidental tale of two book agents and their canine properties.

Ah, the long arm of coincidence reaches into the literary world. On the face of it, it just seems to be one of those inexplicable things, but on closer inspection the plot begins to thicken. Two publishers are putting out books this fall with similar titles and similar plots: From Congdon / E. P. Dutton comes *Best Friend*, by Pat Feeley, the story of a woman who trains a family pet to kill her husband; and from W. W. Norton & Company comes *A Man's Best Friend*, by Robert Jagoda, the story of a man who trains the family pet to kill his wife. This happenstance might be shrugged off, but what makes this publishing story more unusual are the complications of the plot. Two New York literary agents, Pat Feeley and George Wieser, had been in a partnership—"a brief and turbulent one"—which ultimately broke up at the end of 1975. Wieser then found a new office next door to his ex-partner. Over the course of time, Feeley claims, they'd meet in the elevator or hall and she discussed with him her idea for a book. Wieser acknowledges that they did indeed talk. Then, Feeley says, she proposed the book to Dutton in March of 1976, the date she signed a contract for it, and then turned the draft in in November of 1976. In the meantime, in the fall of 1975,

writer Robert Jagoda discussed a similar story idea with W. W. Norton. He then turned in a draft in August of 1976. Enter the ex-partner, literary agent Wieser, who met Jagoda in August and became his agent, handling the negotiations for the book which concluded with a contract in October of 1976. Both Jagoda and Wieser deny they met or knew each other till after the manuscript was turned in.

Says Jagoda, "No way anybody else gave me the idea for this book." Says Wieser, "Absolutely not did I give her idea to Jagoda. I knew she was doing a book, but during negotiations it never crossed my mind." Says Feeley, "Well, I think it was purely coincidence on the part of Norton and Jagoda, but Wieser acted questionably in failing to inform the client and customer that he had prior knowledge about a book already in the works. He should have disclosed it to them." Well, sour grapes, coincidence, or whatever, readers will be well informed on how to train the family pet into a killer dog. Adds Jagoda, "The plot line and title might be similar, but after that there couldn't be any similarity in the execution of the story. After all, mine's a comic romp."

Private Party Talk: Snap-Snap at Kiss-Kiss

CATHERINE GUINNESS

Never-idle Andy Warhol was snapping pictures as usual the other evening over dinner while lesser men would have been ogling Catherine Deneuve, Penelope Tree, Anjelica Huston, and fashion doyenne Diana Vreeland.

The occasion was a private little dinner party given, for no discernible reason whatsoever, by Regine in her Park Avenue club.

Joining the ladies for cocktails and the caviar-in-soft-boiled-egg that followed were

Jack Nicholson, somber in a dark business suit, Warren Beatty in an open-necked shirt and sports jacket, Philip Niarchos, Iranian ambassador to the U.N. Hoveyda, and other gentry. (Andy added a navy-blue blazer to his jeans.)

Best moment of the evening: when Andy got Vreeland and Huston to kiss-kiss across the dinner table, photographing the two women in profile, just to catch those formidable noses in juxtaposition.



Warhol: Nosing around.

While Horsing Around, Journalists Bite the Dust

It was a case of upsetting the applecart or putting the cart before the horse or something. Prizewinning journalist Carl Bernstein, coauthor of *The Final Days* and *All the President's Men*, may be a talented investigative reporter, but a carriage driver apparently he's not. Here's the amusing story: Carl and his wife, Nora Ephron, a contributing editor at *Esquire*, were among the guests at a Gael Greene-Dena Kaye party recently held at Le Cirque to which everyone brought his or her most unwanted Christmas gift to exchange. First prize for the worst gift went to columnist Liz Smith—for a ceramic basket that had islands holding a creamer and a sugar bowl. The prize: A horse-drawn-carriage ride home. Liz asked Carl, Nora, and writers Marie Brenner and Jesse Kornbluth to join her—and hence the tale begins. While the carriage driver was inside the Mayfair House picking up a bottle of champagne for the riders to sip en route, Bernstein climbed into the saddle—the driver's seat—and tried to “take off.” The result: The horse backed up over the sidewalk and overturned the carriage with its load of journalists. Other than bruises, damage was slight, but as one wag put it: If the situation had turned out a little more critically, “the fourth estate would have diminished by at least one eighth.”

WARING ABBOTT / SYGMA



Bernstein: He took the reins but lost his load.

New Direction At 'Geographic'

National Geographic is involved in a new advertising campaign, touting the slogan “It's time you took another look.” What the ads don't say is really *why* readers should take another look. The staid but beautifully photographed *National Geographic* is moving away from the traditional travelogue-type articles. The new direction, coming from editor Gil Grosvenor, is toward the currently hot investigative—but balanced—journalism.

A *National Geographic* spokesman explains that the quality photography will remain the same but adds, “Our stories will really be digging in. We're taking the reins off our writers, who have more time to take an objective look at countries.”

An example of the new approach comes in the March issue, which features a story on “The Troubled Philippines.” The advertising for the story gives the readers an idea: “In the Philippines today they say politics is relative. If you are one, you'll go far. . . . The personal projects of Marcos' wife proliferate like rice in the rainy season. And she and Marcos' relatives are increasingly the ‘best qualified’ to fill important government and corporate positions.”

Will the twentieth-century editorial changes be welcome? Notes one reader, “When they'd write a piece on Vietnam, you'd never know there was a war going on.”

Must-Do Styles? Absolutely Not

WIDE WORLD



Paris push: Short-skirt revival.

Does the current Paris short-skirt hype bore you? If the answer is yes, you are an A-one sophisticated New York woman, according to the high priestess of New York chic, Bendel's Geraldine Stutz. “There is no such thing as a ‘must do’ fashion anymore and we must stop talking as if there were. It makes our sophisticated customer laugh at us and say, ‘Pish, posh, how could they be so old-fashioned?’” So what does it all mean? “Right now,” Bendel's president says, “bare seems beautiful, particularly as we head into summer, but it can be bare arms, back, shoulders, legs—anything. Fashion doesn't have styles anymore; it has overriding notions. For the moment, bare seems better than covered. Voluminous clothes are more appealing than skinny ones.”

At 'Playgirl': Naked Is the Best Disguise

Do women like to look at pictures of naked men? Yes, they do, according to surveys (biased, perhaps) conducted by nudie beefcake magazine *Playgirl*. Do advertisers like to look at pictures of naked men? No, they don't, as a flip through *Playgirl* makes clear. Viva discovered the same thing last year and, after adopting a more decorous photo format, found the big-money ads coming in.

But *Playgirl* has been hav-

ing subscription problems, too. According to our sources, it's because the original readership, heavily homosexual despite *Playgirl's* valiant denials, has been decamping to *Blueboy* and other new publications specifically geared to gays.

Nonetheless, *Playgirl's* new editor, Joyce Dudley Fleming, is keeping male nudes and adding “more reader participation.” Does that mean dates, for heaven's sake?

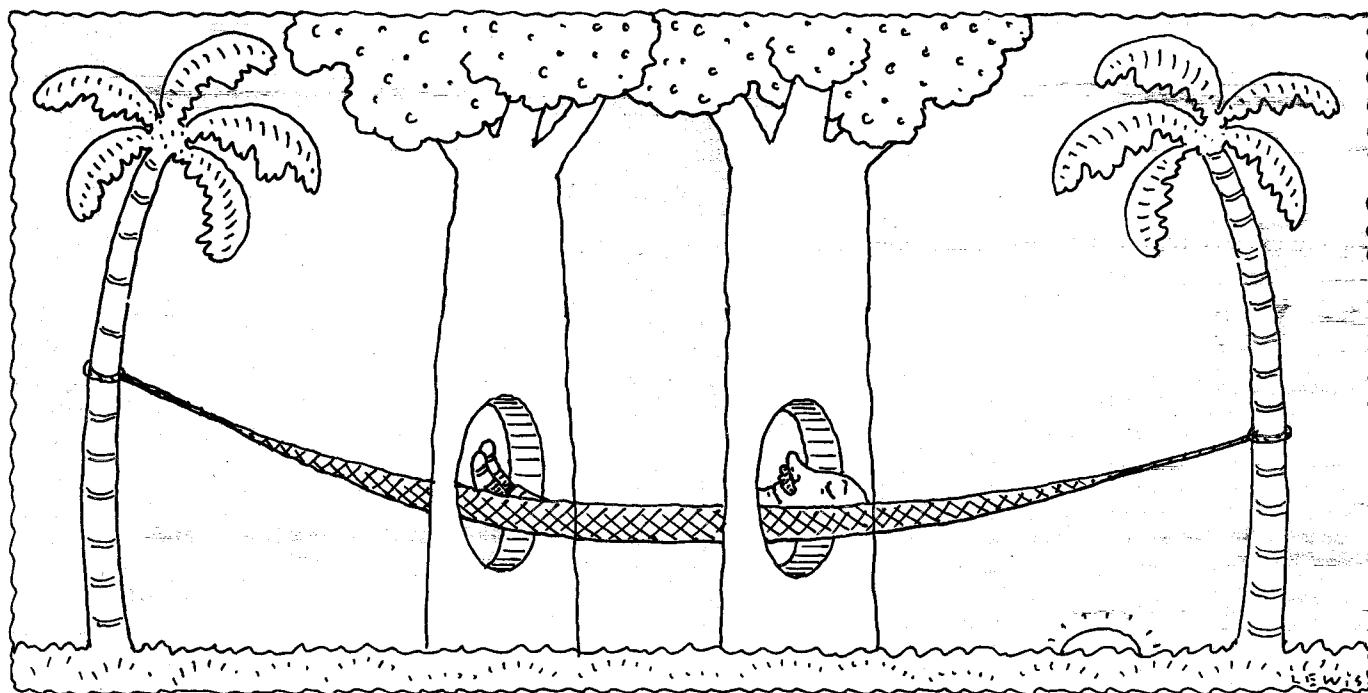


Fleming: Keeping male nudes.

Your Own Business / William Flanagan

THE BEST RETIREMENT INVESTMENT AROUND

“...Brokers call the annuity plan the ‘Accumulator,’ after its most attractive feature—tax-deferred appreciation of up to 8 percent...”



Another Kind of Nest Egg

It's a violation of professional courtesy to pick nits with a colleague, but sometimes I can't resist. I was reading a Sam Shulsky column the other day in which he replied to a question from a 61-year-old, soon-to-be retiree who asked about corporate bonds as an investment for his old age.

Sam pointed out the caveats about corporate bonds—the possible loss of some capital if you need cash in a hurry, the risks, etc. But he didn't offer any investment alternatives. I was curious about what some might be, and started calling some investment advisers. Many of them mentioned a plan I had never heard of—understandably, perhaps, since it is an insurance-company product which only a few companies are anxious to offer and which insurance salesmen have little incentive to sell.

The plan is called a deferred annuity, and it seems ideal for many persons nearing retirement who want no-risk, tax-deferred accumulation and liquidity features.

Deferred annuities have been around for many years, of course, but only

since 1971 have major brokerage houses been able to sell the product. And it is only now that securities salespeople are really beginning to push these annuities. (Mighty Merrill Lynch only began offering them nationally this January. Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, Loeb Rhoades, Reynolds Securities, E. F. Hutton, and Dean Witter are other major brokers that also offer the plans.)

Some brokers call the annuity plan the “Accumulator,” after its most attractive feature—tax-deferred appreciation, at interest rates as high as 8 percent in New York, 7.25 percent in other states.

In New York State—which has tougher insurance regulations than elsewhere—deferred annuities can only guarantee interest rates for one year at a time (it is five years elsewhere). But even if the interest rate drops somewhat and averages only 7.25 percent over a period of ten years, you will more than double your money.

Example: Suppose, like one harried doctor whose investment portfolio was a disaster, you decide to put a handsome sum into a deferred annuity. In

this case, the sum is \$100,000. Assuming 7.25 percent interest, after ten years the original investment will have grown to about \$201,000.

On the other hand, if the money had been invested in a taxable instrument—say a certificate of deposit, with the same 7.25 percent yield—the investment would have grown much more slowly because of the taxes due each year. If you are in a 40 percent tax bracket, for example, at the end of a decade, your \$100,000 would be worth only \$153,000.

To be sure, with the deferred annuity you have to pay taxes eventually, as you withdraw the interest that has accrued. But presumably you will withdraw the taxable dollars when you are in a lower tax bracket.

Why is the interest on a deferred annuity not taxed as you go along, as it is with savings accounts and other kinds of investments? Well, the IRS takes the view that you do not actually receive money earned in an annuity plan, the way you can collect, say, interest in a savings account.

According to Pat Maher, vice-president and insurance marketing manager

for Merrill, Lynch, there are other advantages to the "Accumulator":

□ *Safety.* You are assured a return of no less than your total original investment. In New York, Old Republic Life of New York issues and guarantees the contract. (In other cases, it's Capitol Life Insurance Company, of Denver, part of Gulf & Western.)

□ *Liquidity.* You can get your money within seven days.

□ *No front load.* Most deferred annuities sold by brokers do not have up-front sales charges. Every dollar you put in begins earning interest for you right away.

□ *Low minimum.* You can open an account for \$5,000 and add \$1,000-minimum amounts. Or you can use your Keogh or Individual Retirement Account plan to open an annuity.

□ *Loan value.* You can borrow against the contract value, unless it is in the form of an IRA or Keogh plan.

□ *Partial withdrawal without penalty.* You can take out up to 6 percent of your money each year without any tax or other penalty, until you exhaust your original investment.

□ *Payment options.* There are over 25 ways to receive annuity payments.

In addition, the contract avoids probate, since its value passes to a beneficiary outside of any will. And it is possible for the beneficiary to avoid paying any income tax on it.

You might ask how the insurance companies and other middlemen make money on such plans. Maher explains that the interest you receive each year—say, 8 percent in New York right now, provided you stay in the deferred annuity at least five years—is lower than what they charge borrowers.

Further, you do pay a handsome fee whenever you take out any more than 6 percent of the annuity's value. That charge is a flat 7 percent of the amount withdrawn, even if it is the total amount—on death, for example. In effect, it amounts to surrendering the last year's interest on the annuity.

Thermostatically Speaking

By now every schoolchild—if he is lucky enough to be attending a school that is heated and open—knows how much can be saved in heating bills by lowering the thermostat a few degrees. Simply turning the heat down five to ten degrees between the hours of 10 P.M. and 8 A.M. can trim the bill as much as one fifth during winter months.

Having an automatic control that turns the heat down for you (and conversely controls the air conditioning in summer, if you have a central unit) definitely makes sense. Indeed, Honeywell, the giant of the industry, reports



The Drink.

Harveys Bristol Cream
with a wedge of lime
on the rocks.
So good, it's one of the nicest
ways of all to serve
and enjoy the best there is.



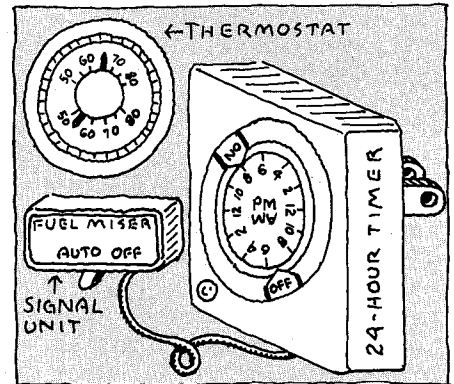
Male Carriers.



Introducing Rolfs' new Carriers for the fashionable male. They're ideal for those times when pockets aren't enough, yet bulkier bags are too much. There's a Carrier for your every need, all handsomely styled in beautiful Polished Brass cowhide. See the Male Carriers. They're a special delivery of style and convenience from Rolfs.

ROLFS... it shows you care.

West Bend, WI 53095. Available at fine stores throughout the USA and Canada.



Cooling off: The Fuel-Miser plugs into any standard electrical outlet and keeps the heat down while you sleep.

that its thermostat control units are selling at an unprecedented rate.

The Chronotherm is a thermostat with a clock built in. It has two temperature indicators—one for the temperature you normally want, the other for when you retire. The automatic timer switches from one to the other.

A simpler, less costly alternative is the Chronotherm Dial Set, which has a wind-up timer instead of an electric clock. It does the same thing as the Chronotherm but has to be wound every eleven hours.

Both these Honeywell units are sold through heating contractors and some utilities and cost about \$75 and \$50 respectively. Installation, which is tricky, costs as much as \$25 more.

A more ingenious, and inexpensive, thermostat control unit is being manufactured on Long Island, however. It is called the Fuel-Miser, made by Flair Manufacturing, in Hauppauge. It adapts to your existing thermostat and requires no monkeying with your electrical system. You simply screw the signal unit into the wall underneath the thermostat (see illustration). The signal unit, upon command from the timer (which plugs into any nearby wall socket), emits heat. The thermostat is fooled into turning the burner off, and it won't turn the heat on again until the heat from the signal unit ceases. The control unit shuts the signal off when the temperature falls below the preset level.

Fuel-Miser is available through Elizabethtown Gas Company, The Southern Connecticut Gas Company, or from Metro Marketing, Inc. (2083 East Jericho Turnpike, East Northport, New York 11731). It costs \$39.95.

A similar device called Fuel Sentry costs about \$25. It is available from the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, J. C. Penney stores, Channel Home Center outlets, and by mail order from Fuel Sentry, 79 Putnam Street, Mt. Vernon, New York 10550.

International Silver's PRINCE OF PRIMATES!

A tender rendition of a beastly friend... captured by International Silver in a polished pewter pendant with matching 18" chain. Only \$8.50. Also in 24k gold electroplate at \$12.50. (Credit card holders call toll free to 800-243-3755; In Connecticut 235-6383.)

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Captured in
24k gold
electroplate
or solid pewter

Television/Harriet Van Horne

SWEETNESS AND LIFE

“...You will sense the special insights, the wisdom in *Emily, Emily* and in *A Little Bit Different*—discernible amid the sweetness...”

Edging away from violence—the result of parents’ and teachers’ putting the screws on sponsors to wipe the gore off the screen—networks are now taking a bold plunge into treacle. This week the sweetly pretty supersedes the bloody-awful.

Two NBC dramas deal, rather touchingly, with the emotional problems of handicapped children and their families. “Touchingly” doesn’t mean realistically. You hear the machinery creaking as everybody tries to be *terribly* honest about brain damage and cancer.

In *Emily, Emily* (NBC Hallmark Hall of Fame, February 7, 8 to 9:30 P.M.) you will meet Freddie, a retarded teenage boy who reads maps, drives a car, makes jokes, and falls in love with his teacher. She rejects him in a fury. (Hadn’t she told everybody that retardees have a minimal sex drive?) Freddie is hurt and baffled, with reason. Up to this point people have been telling him he can become whatever he *wants* to be. Nobody mentioned being the teacher’s lover, though.

There are certain similarities in *A Little Bit Different* (February to 5 P.M.), another in NBC’s high-budget matinee specials for young people. Here we meet Jamie, a twelve-year-old athlete who’s about to have his cancerous leg amputated. The surgeon, who takes pride in his terrible honesty, tells the lad he will be able to lead a rich, full life after the operation: playing tennis, riding his bike, skydiving.

Skydiving? That’s what the honest surgeon says, adding cheerily, “You’re going to trade your leg for your life.”

Both these programs are handsomely mounted and nicely performed. Tom Hulce, a smart 22-year-old, makes the retarded Freddie believable (hard to do)—and lovable (easier). John Forsythe is his overprotective father; Pamela Bellwood is the flighty young teacher; and James Farentino, who gets special guest-star billing, plays the director of a halfway house for retardees learning to cope.

A beautiful child, Dai Stockton, makes us cry for the boy with cancer. Michael Tolan is the terribly honest surgeon. The drama was written by Rift Fournier, a polio victim who di-



Coping: James Farentino and friend Freddie (Tom Hulce) in *A Little Bit Different*.

rected it from his wheelchair.

Significantly, *Emily, Emily* was written by Allan Sloane, father of a retarded child. The play is a sequel to his award-winning Hallmark Hall of Fame play, *Teacher, Teacher*. You will sense the special insights, the hard-won wisdom in both productions—discernible amid the sweetness.

They’re movin’ west on ABC, head-in’ for Oregon with the wagon train, taking a few Indian arrows and some gunshot from varmints encountered along the way.

James Arness, battered and grizzled, plays the rough mountain hero in *How the West Was Won*, described by the network as a “limited series.” It certainly should be. It’s slated for February 6, 7, and 14, 9 to 11 P.M.

There’s a lot of superb Utah scenery in this one, and a lovely performance by Eva Marie Saint as a frontier widow. The violence is horrible and so calculated—tiny children wailing over corpses of dead parents—it is enough to make you sick.

If you’ve ever wondered what Attila the Hun looked like, contain yourself

’til Saturday night. He’ll be at Steve Allen’s seminar, *Meeting of Minds*, on PBS (Channel 13) February 12 at 8 P.M. I can tell you now that Attila looks like a shifty-eyed Davy Crockett with a waxed mustache. He’s fur-covered and imperious. He talks like a man who has just written a Ph.D. thesis on Attila the Hun.

Allen’s other guests on this preposterous—but wonderful—hour will be Galileo, Charles Darwin, and Emily Dickinson. (And if you think that mix is odd, you should have heard Marie Antoinette talking to Ulysses S. Grant on an earlier show.)

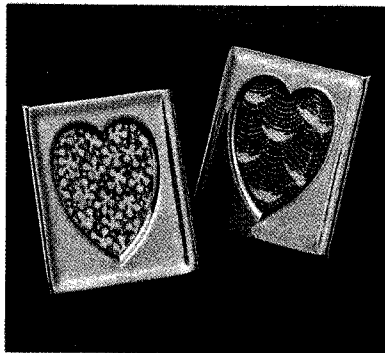
Despite the presence of some fine actors, much of the dialogue on *Meeting of Minds* sounds untimely ripp’d from the *Britannica*. On one level—the history lesson made palatable—the show works beautifully. One learns something every single week. But on the level of stylish colloquy, it’s still a heavy journey.

Steve Allen, playing himself, may be the most appealing member of the company. He gets the funny lines. And he presides over these curious seminars with a professorial grace, charming and well-schooled.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Sentimental Case

PICTURE FRAME/*Slithy Toves*/49 West 72nd Street/\$4



New West

He studied animation at Visual Arts, designed platform shoes for Nunn-Bush, painted sets for Universal, did covers for the Rolling Stones, provided graphics for the Boiler Room in San Francisco, and was invited to paint the White House pool. Now, Alan West is painting artist's canvas—ranging in heft from six ounces to 35—for walls, director's chairs, upholstery, tablecloths, umbrellas, awnings, etc. It's waterproof, cold-water washable, or dry-cleanable. He does solid washes (\$18 a yard), flowery patterns (\$24 a yard), and magnificently deceptive designs that look like suede, velvet, malachite, wood, stone, or shell (\$24 a yard). Five-by-seven-foot rugs, trimmed in leather, are \$275–\$300.

WEST DESIGNS, INC./306 East 61st Street/751-8608



Floral Love

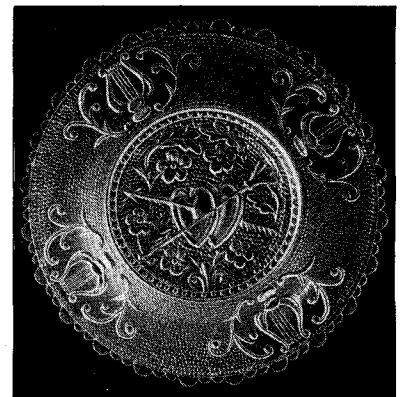
"Just go out and strip the yard," one fashion wag cracked at Kenzo's Paris show, which was long on Ophelia flowers, grass skirts, and general horticultural overload. In New York, where the yard is cement, better to go to Bendel, where Rosemary Peck provides flower strings (\$20–\$36) to wind around waist, neck, ankle, wrist, hair, or as you like it. —Priscilla Tucker

FLOWER STRINGS/*Henri Bendel*/CI 7-1100

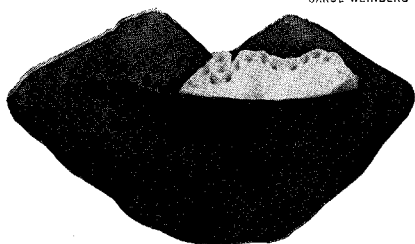
Holding Pattern

This dear little reproduction pressed-glass plate, with its hearts and flowers, can be used for ashes, butter, a tea bag, you name it. The original, however—American, early-nineteenth-century, from the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company of Cape Cod—was used as a teacup holder after the hot tea had been poured into a saucer to cool.

CUP PLATE/*Metropolitan Museum of Art Gift Shop*/\$2.75



MAKEUP: BONNIE MALLER/HAIR: JAMAL INA, BOTH OF NARDI.



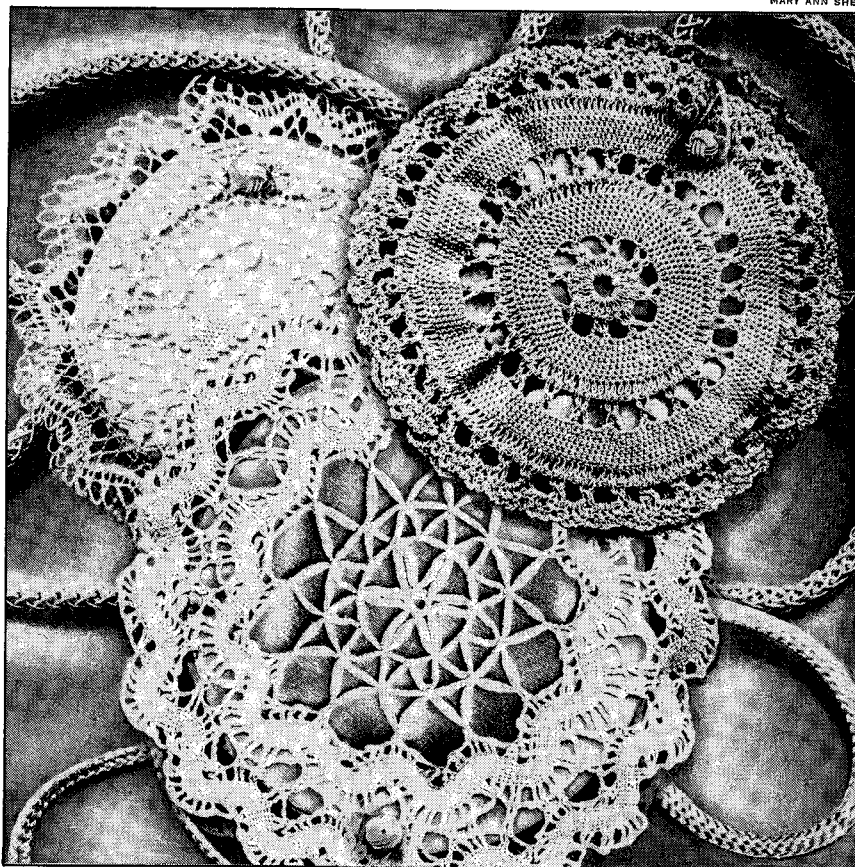
Change of Heart

LIP PURSE/Shenanigans/384 Bleecker Street/\$5

Generous to the Corps

The New York City Ballet, which needs all the help it can get, is being given a thoughtful valentine in the form of a cocktail party and auction, with such items as these: dinner for two at the home of Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous (it's all right, they're married); a ballet class taught by that Apollo of dancers, Peter Martins; an appearance in an NYCB performance; Martha Graham's Mary Queen of Scots costume; and we could go on, but we won't. Tickets are \$25 (tax deductible). Wine and hors d'oeuvre will be served. What can you lose? —Ruth Gilbert

NEW YORK CITY BALLET GUILD AUCTION
February 14, 6-9 p.m./New York State Theater Promenade



Lace Is More

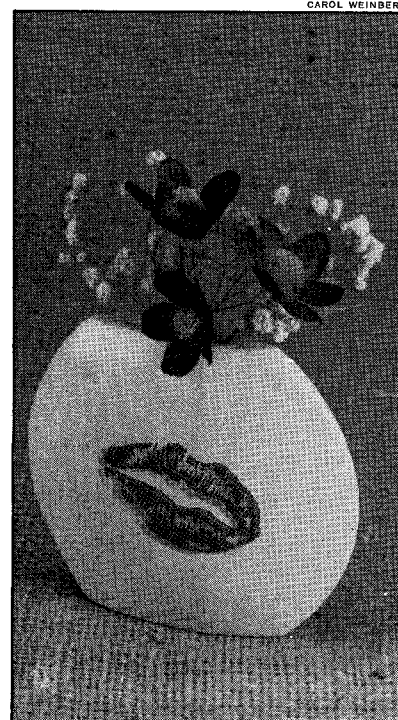
Who wouldn't be your valentine if you gave her one of Judith Lippe's antique doily evening purses (\$28-\$38)?

POUR MOI/1181 Second Avenue near 62nd Street/751-5409



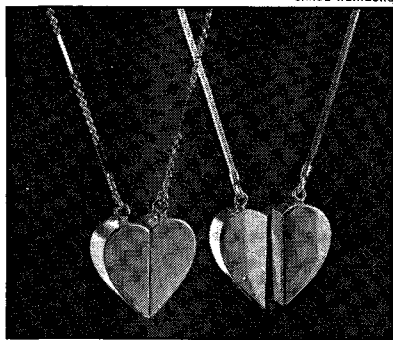
Mob Appeal

Godfather II has, for reasons known only to Paramount and God, rarely been seen in these parts since it was released in December, 1974. And now, for equally obscure reasons, it returns. For one day only. The line forms here. THE GODFATHER, PART II/February 17/Carnegie Hall Cinema



Mouth-Watering

LIP VASE/Serendipity 3/225 East 60th Street/\$12

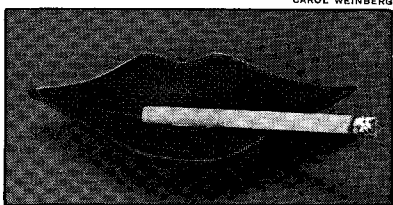


CAROL WEINBERG

Main Attraction

Of course, magnetism is what it's all about. So a magnetic heart, how appropriate, how terrific! Lois Sasson's pendant closes when the two parts of the heart fly together. There is no back fastener. In sterling silver with snake chain (\$155) or with gold chain and one gold side (\$225).
—P.T.

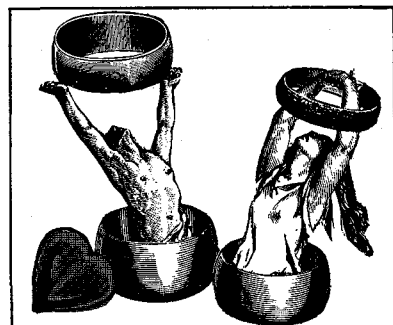
MAGNETIC HEART/Bergdorf Goodman
Main floor



CAROL WEINBERG

Mouth to Mouth

LIP ASHTRAY/Ian's/49 Grove Street/\$6



JOAN HALL

Retractable Clause

Literal lovers will probably flock to "The Marriage Contract." Here, in three workshops, they will be taught that each partner has rights and responsibilities, that they should define their expectations and assess their roles. Then they can incorporate this intelligence and write a marriage contract or life-sharing agreement as easily renewable as a subscription to *Jack and Jill*.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT/February 9, 16, 23, 6-7:30 p.m./YWCA/610 Lexington Avenue and 53rd Street \$25/755-4500, ext. 13



DICK FRANK

From Russia, With Love

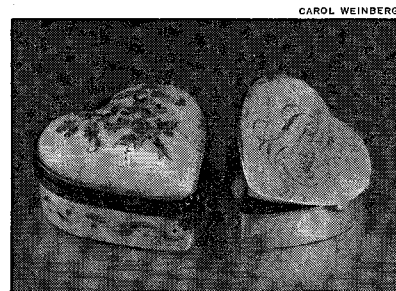
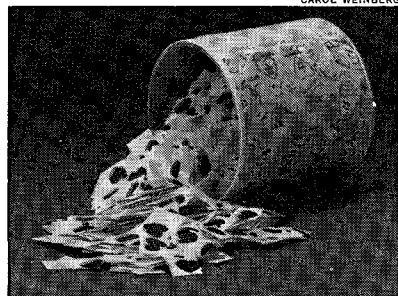
A little sign beside the front door says "CHIEN MÉCHANT." Inside, a white Peugeot bicycle leans against a salmon wall. The living-room furniture is shabbily ornate. Zimphira, a black little-girl cat—healthy and dignified now, having been rescued from certain death in the street—leaps on a gilt chair and sinks into the cushion. In lumbers Sam, *chien méchant*, a cuddly white Samoyed who has appeared in *Measure for Measure* and modeled for Tiffany. Wonderful smells and rapid Russian chatter waft in from the kitchen. And then *she* appears in her flowing gown: Remi Saunder, mistress of this domain, Russian émigrée, confidante to Baryshnikov and Rostropovich, hostess to Makarova, Nureyev, Bernstein, Ozawa, Jerry Robbins, Eliot Feld, Rollo May, Paul Rudolph, the Massies. Remi, the party-giver, who has been so praised for her festal board that she is now going commercial. "The cost of living is getting too high," she explains. "And I don't want to give up anything . . . or anyone." So, in affiliation with Gennady Smakov—an intense young translator, author, critic, and cook whom she met last year through Baryshnikov—Remi is offering pirozhki filled with apple, cabbage, eggplant, ground beef, and mushrooms (\$5 a dozen); koulibiak (a long cake stuffed with any of the above, or with finely chopped whitefish or salmon, \$6); pelmeni (a sort of Russian ravioli to be eaten with mustard-and-sour-cream sauce, \$2.50 a dozen); hinkali (large, spicy dumplings to serve with fruit sauce, \$3 for five); four sublime chicken dishes (\$4 a serving); beef stroganoff (\$4 a serving); eggplant caviar; three kashas; borscht; solianka (a fish soup); various desserts; and so on. The cooks work in Remi's kitchen for now, until there is need for a loft or a shop. It will be soon.

REMI'S RUSSIAN KITCHEN/535-7552

It's a Toss-up

FUNFETTI/Diversions/905 Madison Avenue near 72nd Street/\$2.50

CAROL WEINBERG



CAROL WEINBERG

Take Heart

ANTIQUE PILLBOXES/Maya Schaper
Lexington Avenue and 73rd Street
\$38 and \$65

STAR-SPANGLED BONER

"... In *Twilight's Last Gleaming* you giggle, get faintly repelled, feel infinitely superior to the obvious idiocy, but are not bored..."

What is one to say about a film that, at this late date, acts as if it had discovered the Vietnam-Watergate two-act debacle on behalf of Hollywood filmmaking? That it is way too late? Sad to say, *Twilight's Last Gleaming* may well be the first main-line film that tries to take full account of our national shame even if it does not deal directly with any past events. For that is the extraordinary—or, knowing our movies, not so extraordinary—fact: Except for passing references to them, an indefensible war and unconscionable administration have not yet been the subject of a fiction film, only of a documentary like *Hearts and Minds* or quasi-documentary like *All the President's Men*.

How eagerly, then, is one tempted to salute, how proudly would one like to hail, Robert Aldrich's *Twilight's Last Gleaming*, laid somewhere in the near future but trying to come to grips with our recent past and its possibly fearful consequences. Unfortunately, sincerity does not seem to exclude sensationalism. Aldrich is an ambiguous figure, a typical case of what can happen to quite a good man in Hollywood, where, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, some of us may look at the stars and still lie in the gutter. It is instructive to note the ambivalent view most film handbooks take of Aldrich. In his *Dictionary of Film Makers*, the French Georges Sadoul writes: "His style is powerful, persuasive, and a little hysterical." The British Leslie Halliwell, in his *The Filmgoer's Companion*, says he has "declined from gritty realism to inflated melodrama." Another Britisher, Margaret Hinxman, in *The International Encyclopedia of Film*, notes: "Latterly his style has coarsened as his productions have grown in size and budget." And here is our own encyclopedic Pauline Kael about Aldrich's *The Big Knife*: "But with all these faults of taste, perhaps because of them, who could take his eyes off the screen?"

Go as far back as you wish—the coarseness is there in every Aldrich film, even in his best, *Kiss Me Deadly*. Yet the very beginning of that movie is the essence of what *film noir* is all about, and the tension barely lets up



thereafter. Even as trashy a piece as Aldrich's recent *Hustle* has a certain class to it, not all of it Catherine De-neuve. Not for nothing has the man been assistant director (on the credit side) to Renoir, Chaplin, and Abraham Polonsky, as well as (on the debit side) to Milestone, Rossen, Losey, and Albert Lewin, among others. Something of the honest concern for people of the first group seems to have rubbed off on him along with much of the attitudinizing of the second.

There surely is no thematic consistency in his work, which includes such vastly different offerings as *Apache*, *Autumn Leaves*, *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*, and *The Dirty Dozen*. Andrew Sarris defines Aldrich as "a moralist in a man's world," which is pretty vague, but no worse than any other attempt at defining such elusiveness. Sarris is right to stress Aldrich's violence, but it must also be noted that the violence is almost always handled in an imaginative way, and was, in this respect, ahead of its time—though I am not sure whether that was a good thing. There is certainly a vision of evil in his films that tries to be apocalyptic, but usually ends up being ugly and faintly scabrous. Yet he does know how to

generate genuine excitement rather than merely accumulate strident effects. In *The Flight of the Phoenix*, for instance, the thrills became more affecting because we got involved with the characters of the tale, something any old action director could not have given us.

Twilight's Last Gleaming, a good and histrionic Aldrich title, concerns Lawrence Dell, a provident maverick general who was busted and jailed on a trumped-up charge for wanting to stem the suicidal escalation of armament, as he sees it, and the dishonest maneuverings of the executive branch, which keep the people in the dark about cold-and-not-so-cold-war machinations. He breaks out of military prison with three more or less unsavory fellow inmates, and they manage to infiltrate and take over a part of a Montana missile base. From this nearly impregnable position, they are able to launch nine Titan missiles aimed at Soviet targets. Dell is prepared to plunge the world into atomic destruction in order to prevent atomic destruction, a rather obvious self-contradiction that does not get pointed out to him until near the end of the movie, and then, of course, by his co-conspirator, ex-corporal Powell, who, like virtually all movie blacks, is

“... *The Late Show*'s plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, but it has a likable way of not taking itself seriously...”

staunch, streetwise, and cynical.

So there it is: Ingenious, intrepid, indomitable, and foresighted Dell has the president, his Cabinet, the military, the CIA by the proverbial short hairs, and duly comes within a short-hair's breadth of dispatching a Titan or two or nine. (I don't think I am giving away any plot here: Even in these swinging days, Hollywood would balk at Armageddon.) But while successfully contending with a lot of double-dyed villainy—notably from the commanding general of SAC, who hatches truly diabolic schemes to get him—Dell manages to overlook the most obvious traps. O paradox!

Dell intends to get the president to fly off with him to some Third World stronghold, and thence broadcast the contents of a particularly nasty secret document to the people of the United States—a document so monstrous that the president, apparently totally unaware of it till now, reads it over twenty times and still, as he quaintly puts it, doesn't believe it. Even the most liberal members of the Cabinet (which, naturally, includes one black) boggle at such a disclosure of double-dealing in high places; yet when the content is finally read out to us, it seems no different from that of a good many others that have long since found their way into the open. Maybe after careful preparation of the public, say these liberal statesmen, eventually, but not now! Well, all the brilliant Dell would have to do is to force the president's hand while Dell's finger is still on the red button. But no, he has to plunk for that little airplane jaunt with the president as hostage. It is all right for the hero to have an Achilles' heel, but not in his head.

The film is based on a novel by Walter Wager, a former publicist whose most recent fiction is a King Kong spoof, and that may explain a good deal, if not everything. The rest is Aldrich, and the early action sequences have a commendable tautness and great, albeit controlled, brutality. Similarly, the early scenes showing President Stevens, a reasonably honest and sensible, but not extraordinarily bright or brave, fellow, trying to cope with the emergency—scenes that involve also a rather typical but not wholly uninteresting batch of Cabinet members, and some even more typical but still not totally cliché military brass—are not without astute observation and a kind of propulsive raciness.

Even here, however, there is a good

deal of posturing and some near-irrelevancy, as in the scene involving an African head of state; but there is also a sufficiency of good acting—some of it from indifferent actors resourcefully typecast—to cover up most of the weak spots. Later, however, the going and the dialogue both get thicker and heavier, more crudely conceived, and far less persuasive. Yet the Aldrich mark is still there: You giggle, get faintly repelled, feel infinitely superior to the obvious idiocy, but are not bored. Even the fact that you can guess the outcome, and think the entire thing ridiculous, does not propel you toward the exit.

Dell and his main sidekick, the often recalcitrant Powell, are played without much subtlety by Burt Lancaster and Paul Winfield, but the director manages to make their very crassness a part of their characterizations. Worse and very nearly unbearable is Burt Young, who carries the low-life mannerisms that served him in good stead in *Rocky* to revolting extremes. But everyone else is good to excellent; even the fact that Joseph Cotten, as the secretary of state, seems either ossified or mummified somehow works in context. Charles Durning, as a fat president (has adiposity ever proved eligible since the days of Taft?), is an amusing, idiosyncratic, and believable bundle of contradictions; Richard Widmark, as the SAC commandant, is quite marvelous: a handsome brute with just the right amount of surface suavity, sporting a sarcastic smirk that is almost engaging in its hearty enjoyment of the wickedness lurking behind it.

Several others make nice contributions, notably Gerald S. O'Loughlin as the president's adjutant, an irreverent, ribaldly outspoken, loyal friend who, when the president finally gets it, bursts into . . . I can't tell you what, because that would really be giving away things. Robert Hauser's cinematography is as routine as Jerry Goldsmith's score, but everything else about this American-German coproduction, especially the military hardware, looks convincing to these civilian eyes. If you have seen the two or three good movies playing around town, and can swallow the curious blend of over- and underwriting in this Ronald M. Cohen-Edward Huebsch screenplay, you may get some kicks out of this not good movie. Somewhere in middle America, heaven help us, *Twilight's Last Gleaming* may even make a dent where subtler and truer statements would not begin to register.

If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, of deglamorizing even its glamorous antiglamour—you may find *The Late Show* just your thing. It was written and directed by Robert Benton, one half of the *Bonnie and Clyde* writing team, and though its plotting is somewhat rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere, oddball characters, snappy dialogue, affectionate allusions, and a likable way of not taking itself seriously.

Lily Tomlin, whom I have never previously liked, is totally winning as an absurd, aging hippie with solid instincts well hidden under layers of bizarre clothing, parlance, and behavior; there is also first-rate supporting work from Bill Macy, Eugene Roche, and Ruth Nelson. Only Joanna Cassidy continues to be a washout. And then there is Art Carney. This basic nonactor tries very hard, and manages to avoid obvious errors, but still fails to convince me. It may be that he is a little too successful at being as common as dirt even while he thinks he is charmingly matter-of-fact; whatever it is, Carney always makes me feel slightly unclean just watching him. Chuck Rosher's cinematography is unimpressive, but the art direction and set decoration make up for what it lacks. If only this entire genre, complete with its own brand of nostalgia, did not strike me as hopelessly juvenile!

The Cookies (*Les Galettes de Pont-Aven*), written and directed by Joël Séria, makes every effort to be whimsical, touching, and outrageous by turns, but ends up showing mostly lots of effort. Here and there, though, a bright moment peeps through. The plot is a kind of comic version of *The Moon and Sixpence*, even if its umbrella salesman-turned-painter does not get any closer to Tahiti than Pont-Aven, and does not even begin to approach Gauguin in talent. Still, the whimsy, on the whole, is more convincing than the pathos, and even the pathos is more so than the basic hold on reality. But Jean-Pierre Marielle has a graceful comic gift, even if he is less good at moving us, and there are juicy supporting bits from several players. Still, *galette*, besides meaning cookie, can also mean nonentity. Consider yourself warned.

But, then, *cookie*, in English, has a second meaning, too, and Dolores MacDonough and Jeanne Goupil are certainly sweet on the tooth. ■

Art / Thomas B. Hess

DAN FLAVIN AT THE GATES OF LIGHT

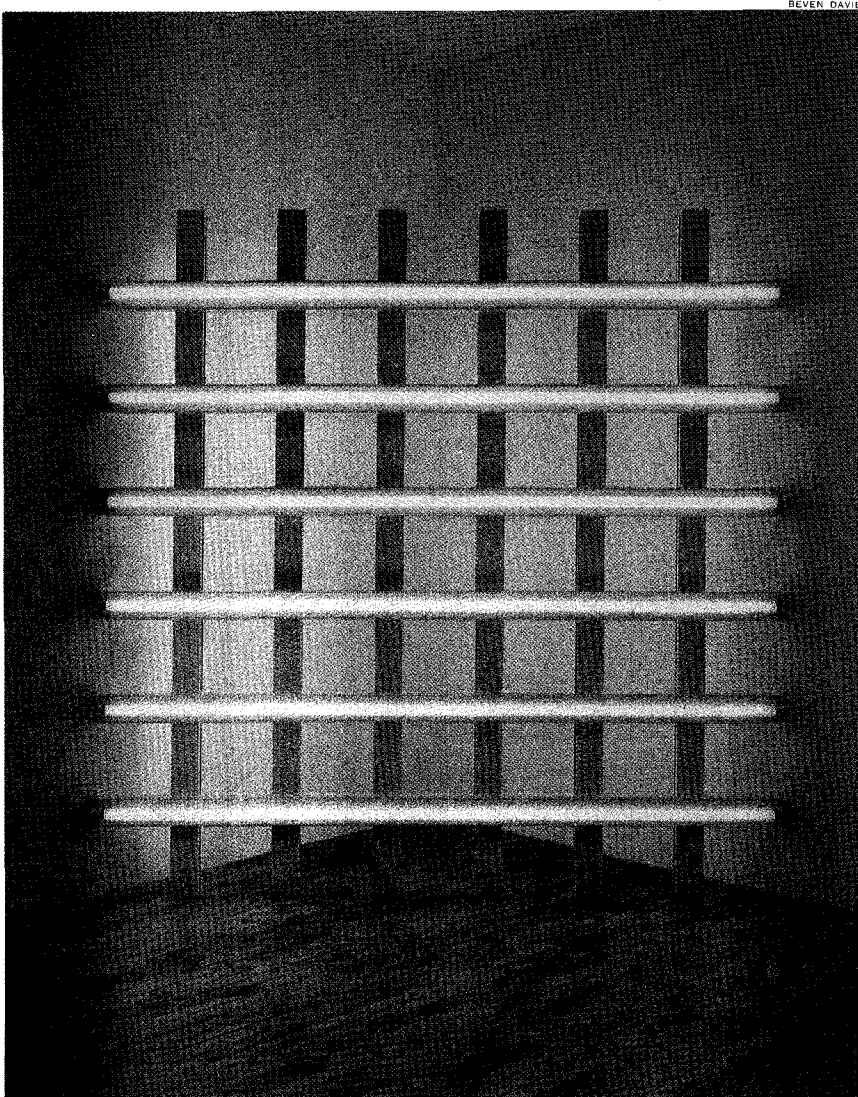
"...Fluorescent lights make ideal units for public art in this time of aspirin and alienation. And Flavin is going public..."

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward a more perfect union of private symbol with public art but **Dan Flavin**, who exhibits fluorescent "proposals" at Heiner Friedrich's gallery (141 Wooster Street, through 2/26), and is in the process of installing three celestial parades above the dark, satanic commuter tracks at Grand Central Station.

In the main room of the Friedrich gallery, on hardwood floors as polished and glistering as Rita Hayworth's fingernails, two square grids of tutti-frutti radiance confront one another from corners along a northeast-southwest axis. They comprise an untitled work dedicated to dealer Leo Castelli. The northeast unit consists of three blue fluorescent tubes below three yellow ones, all six installed horizontally and parallel; all six are eight feet long. Mounted behind them, facing the corner of the white wall, are three pink tubes to the left and three green ones to the right, all six mounted vertically and parallel. The vertical and horizontal lamps make a grid eight feet square with ten-inch square spaces between the mounts. The northeast grid faces its southwest equal and opposite counterpart which has pink and green horizontal triads in front and yellow and blue verticals facing the corner.

Flavin's work is hard to photograph in color. The brightness of the tubes makes them seem white, while the colors pour onto the surrounding floors and walls, instead of cohering to the lamps themselves. And it's as tricky to write about Flavin's pieces as it is to photograph them. You're apt to fall into the hardtack lingo of the electrical contractor, the phenomenologist, the conceptual artist. Flavin himself, in full flight from the poetics of Abstract Expressionism, indulges in such flat paragraphs as:

The physical fluorescent light tube has never dissolved or disappeared by entering the physical field of its own light. . . . At first sight, it appears to do that, especially when massed tightly with reciprocal glass reflections resulting as within *The Nominal Three*,



Glowing grid: Colored light from Dan Flavin's eight-foot-square structure of fluorescent tubes stains the wall and "dissolves" the corner of the Friedrich gallery in SoHo.

but then, with a harder look, one saw that each tube maintained steady and distinct contours despite its internal act of ultraviolet light which caused the inner fluorescent coating of its glass container to emit the visible light. . . .

Flavin suggests that his pieces be called "proposals." He drafts their plans in deft little drawings, with an assortment of profiles and isometrics indicated. He assembles the fixtures *in*

situ, usually trying out different color combinations until he gets the impact he wants. When the exhibition is over, the proposal is dismantled. It can be remounted again elsewhere, and will vary from place to place, depending on the imponderables of available space, patron's hospitality, and the mood of the artist. Flavin has "likened his work to the bardic tradition," wrote St. Louis museum curator Emily S. Rauh, "the presentation of a song and then its disappearance along with the creator."

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Flavin's bureaucratic prose and crypto-Celtic attitudes may have been appropriate to his earlier proposals, with their curious mélange of Neo-Dada affront, Constructive structure, and homespun fanaticism. He was expert in contrasting warm and cool whites and in all-out monochrome assaults. (Who will ever forget his roomful of green lamps at the Kornblee Gallery in 1967? When you walked out, 79th Street seemed to pulse with complementary golden roses.) But Flavin's bristling stance seems ill-suited to the luscious, plummy, almost overripe proposals of 1977. The piece dedicated to Castelli has, perhaps coincidentally, something of Leo's hothouse exuberance. The six fluorescent lamps facing each corner dissolve the solid crease, blank out shadows as if in vaporous rainbow luminosity. You see a font or an apse brimming with radiance, guarded by bars of light—like a seraph with drawn sword or, to use one of Flavin's similes, like an iconostasis (the screen that separates the altar from the nave in Greek Orthodox churches, keeping the profane away from the sacred with a wall of golden images).

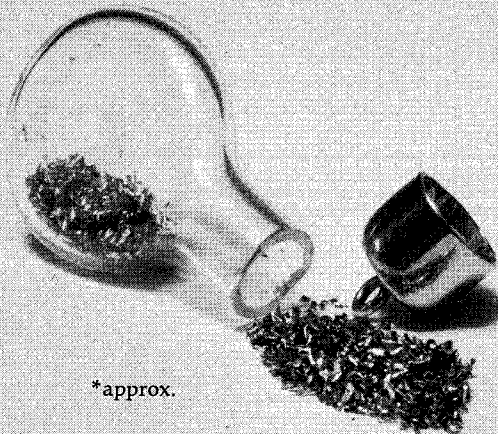
The new pieces are hypnotic; the more you look, the more you are seduced by chromatic sensations. And as you study them, colors begin to act upon each other. Blue (lavender or lilac, winter, sliced metal) is the weakest hue. Green (shamrock, summer, slightly acid) is the strongest. Green dominates blue, drives it across the wall. Pink (primrose, spring, Popsicles) is in between, and stronger than yellow (mimosa, autumn corn, volcanic gases). You remember from elementary physics that the colors of light don't mix like those of paint. A coat of paint is a filter that eliminates all colors (waves) except the one you see. It's a process of subtraction. Light works in an additive way (as in your color TV). It's based on different primaries. Green is one of them. Green absorbs other colors and tends to dissolve into white—the sum of all colored light (just as the sum of all paint colors is a dark gray).

The interactions of the lights shift as you walk around the room; you note the turning reflections of the floor and, as you move near the walls, you glimpse the vertical lamps to the rear of the grids. The colors also change as your eyes become anesthetized, so to speak, to certain chromas while remaining comparatively sensitive to others. As you look away, you recover, and when you look back, certain lamps dim again. There's a kind of rhythm involved. The lights directly affect your body. Flavin's art seems to cut into the "dance along the artery."

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Two other proposals hug the walls of a second room. In each, two-foot and four-foot tubes are stacked above two eight-footers. One of them is dedicated to Josef Albers; pink lights above and green lights below "attack" blue in between and turn it to a paler, frostier sheen. The other proposal, dedicated to "Sandy" Calder, has red above, blue below, and yellow in the middle. The smaller tubes mark the ends of the larger ones ("Calder") or punctuate them at the center ("Albers").

These aren't neons, of course. They're fluorescent lamps from industrial inventories. They beam a steady, impersonal, efficient light. Neon is hot and kinky, open to folk and pop images at rock tempos. Neon reminds you of Saturday night on Main Street. Incandescent light bulbs burn to the touch and remind you of home. Fluorescents recall technology and work—in schools, offices, studios, hospitals. They emit light without accent—"culture without cult," as Thomas Mann put it. They make ideal units, in other words, for public art in this time of aspirin, alienation, Valium, and melancholy. And Flavin is going public.

He is readying a number of proposals for municipalities in Holland and Germany. In New York, backed by the Dia Foundation, an organization headed by Philippa Pellizzi (of the devoutly vanguard de Menil family) and energized by dealer Friedrich, the artist has moved in on Grand Central Station, our grandest interior space, but he's left the great public halls alone. Instead, wisely, he's gone underground, where light is a precious necessity. You can see his preliminary work, in a still unfinished state, on Track 39-40 (to the west, on the main level). It's one of those dingy, dank tunnels usually illuminated by four-foot fluorescents hung just far enough apart for pedestrian visibility and just weak enough to preclude reading. Flavin has installed 46 eight-foot fixtures which run, about ten feet in the air, straight from the steps to the end of the platform (where there is a slight, apparent curve to the right). The eight-footers are blue and face down. Above them is a pink tube (to the left) and a yellow one (to the right), each four feet long, each set flush-top with the blue one at its center.

Empty, the platform has a sunny daylit radiance—more than an illumination. You could overlook the Flavins if you didn't know about them. But you couldn't miss the sensation of light and sunny pleasure. At the beginning of the series, pipes and a massive iron box are attached to the ceiling. Flavin's lights bounce a golden pink off them, suggesting a strange cousinship with the im-

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perial ruins of Rome. Beyond, the ceiling is lost in Piranesi shadows until you get to lights number 36 and 37, when a lower ceiling appears and reflects rusty colors back to the cement floor. The proposal finishes, in other words, with a box of glow at the end of a "line of festal light" (to quote Matthew Arnold).

A train pulls in, the lamps momentarily are lost in the noise, headlights, and cheery confusion of arrival—wheels clang, brakes snort, doors bang—and then the bustle of people. They fill the platform and troop out, passing trainmen in blue uniforms who stroll calmly off the job. Nobody seems to notice Flavin's proposal hanging above them. I stop a few at random to ask what they think of the innovation. They look up and say it's a fine idea, a great improvement—about time! There was no point in trying to explain that it's a work of art.

Flavin accepts this possibility (not too happily). Art can disappear into Good Design, which, for New York artists of Flavin's persuasion (e.g., Judd, Andre, Oldenburg), is an ultimate disgrace—as it was for the Abstract Expressionists. Bauhaus matchmaking between design and art, in which both were meant to settle down to the bliss of anonymous utility, has been sternly rejected by genius-prone Americans. Flavin teeters on the edge.

Pressures from the bureaucracy that runs Grand Central and its tracks have limited the artist's freedom to act. For example, he couldn't use lights in a way that would interfere with railroad signals and work crews' lanterns. Railroad safety, a familiar nightmare to the MTA, was a challenge to Flavin and his allies at Dia. It's been overcome, evidently. Grand Central is about to receive 111 more units to place over Tracks 18-19 and 41-42.

Flavin's Grand Central proposal is supposed to remain in place for six months. Then MTA will have to decide whether it should become part of the city's permanent collections. Flavin's lights cost more than the usual ones because they make a brighter, more joyous effect. I hope they will be kept. Their mysteriously effective, almost invisible, sensuous elegance brings the enigma of creativity directly into contact with the public. Hustling down Track 39-40 will be like going past a Romanesque cathedral façade in some French town—it's so familiar that, most of the time, you don't even see it, except peripherally. Culture finds roots in such peripheral vision. Now and again you may stop, and look again, and wonder again at how much was accomplished with simple objects you always had known yet never had seen.

Behavior/Vicki Goldberg

DO BODY RHYTHMS REALLY MAKE YOU TICK?

"...With no time cues we may 'free-run' wildly, stretching time like an elastic band. But our bodies have ways of remembering..."

The Laboratory of Human Chronophysiology, Montefiore Hospital, the Bronx, 3 P.M. A tube attached to a hypodermic syringe runs through a hole in the wall into the next room. Every so often, a technician uses the syringe to draw blood through the wall from the arm of Barry Perlmutter, asleep on the other side. Nearby, a machine scratches down information taken from electrodes on Perlmutter's head: rapid-eye-movement sleep, jerky squiggles as he grinds his teeth. An \$8,000 automated thermometer flashes his rectal temperature, skin temperature, and two room temperatures every minute, and ticks off the time: 21,513 minutes. Perlmutter has been isolated from all time cues for almost fifteen days. He thinks it's been thirteen, since he's only slept thirteen times, once for sixteen hours. Afterward, he said, "The best dreams I ever had." He then stayed awake for 33 hours. "Seemed a short day" was his comment.

Perlmutter is being paid to give his sleeping, his waking, his blood, and his urine to science for three and a half weeks, for a study of biological rhythms. These rhythms determine the state of almost every element of the human system. Whether hormone production or heartbeat, nighttime dreams or daytime fantasies, each dances to its own specific beat. In time-free experiments like those in progress at Montefiore, people forget the 24-hour solar day and usually adopt a schedule of about 25 hours. An interior clock is obviously ticking, but it refuses to match the environment's schedule unless nudged by external signs, like dawn or the alarm clock. About a quarter of the experimental subjects "free-run" wildly, as Perlmutter has, stretching time like an elastic band. But their bodies have ways of remembering. Their temperature, certain hormones, mental agility, and powers of concentration stick close to a 24-hour cycle, even though they may stay up for 36 hours straight and then sleep twice as long as they usually do. Perlmutter lunches at what he takes for midday, which may actually be 4 A.M., when his hormones have practically fallen asleep. Several of his rhythms have drifted out of

phase, so he doesn't eat with great gusto. His body is internally desynchronized.

The Montefiore laboratory is studying "larks" and "owls." Dr. Elliot Weitzman, chairman of the department of neurology at both Montefiore and Albert Einstein College of Medicine, is investigating the difference between "larks"—people who rise up singing but fade fast at night—and "owls"—nighttime people who get the early-morning drears. The owl's temperature rises more slowly in the morning and peaks later at night. Dr. Weitzman hypothesizes that "owls who are kept in temporal isolation will have longer sleep-wake periods. It might be that owls are continually moving their clock ahead, pushing it into nighttime"—in short, bucking the solar day. "The owl's ability to adjust to the 24-hour day may be less than the lark's," says Weitzman.

He speculates that rhythms cue in personalities. "There may be real personality differences between larks and owls, differences in perception, body image, etc." Consider an owl-mother with a lark-child. The two grind against each other; the child, out of step with his environment, always feels a misfit. Researchers in Britain have already drawn inferences about personality from temperature-rhythm charts. Larks, with their speedy start-of-the-day temperature rise, who perform better in the morning than owls, are apparently also more introverted. Could introversion be more closely tied to inborn body rhythms than to upbringing and early experience?

Our rhythms influence our moods. Early and late in the day, mood has been shown to respond to the beat of our inner metronome. University of California researchers studied 36 healthy male college students and found that they were most depressed and least efficient in the early morning, least depressed and most efficient in the late afternoon. Mood level tended to rise on the daily temperature curve. Every 90 minutes or so throughout the day, there seems to be a fluctuation in intensity of daydreaming and fantasizing, and some researchers have

speculated that the brain shifts back and forth all day between right- and left-hemisphere dominance. Two psychologists have warned that personality tests might show more or less bizarre results depending on what time of the day they were taken. Your response to Rorschach or thematic apperception tests could seem outrageous at high points in your fantasy cycle, or dull and unfeeling if you took the tests at a quiet period.

Women's mood-swings, of course, can be traced over longer time periods, changing every month with altering hormone levels. It's possible that men's hormone levels shift in a monthly cycle as well. Beard growth, which is regulated by hormones, appears to follow a 33-day curve. One curious aspect of beard growth is that it peaks on Wednesdays and declines on Sundays. Scientists speculate that this weekly rhythm is influenced by all the changes weekends bring, including increased sexual activity. No one has yet investigated whether a man's mood improves when his beard slows down.

Each of us has an interior drummer that continually beats time, coordinating the rhythmic fluctuations of our



“... Each of us has an interior drummer continually coordinating the fluctuations of our hormones, moods, sleep and waking ...”

hormones, moods, sleep and waking, and neither our well-being nor our sanity can easily march to a different beat. In one study, research subjects in time-free environments who defied their basic biological rhythms and stayed up for long periods tended to score higher on neuroticism scales. Although this has not been the case so far in Dr. Weitzman's project, his guess is that “a more neurotic personality might choose to override the normal rhythmic processes. Neurotics may refuse to recognize their body rhythms and may alter their sleep times till their internal rhythms are desynchronized. It's unlikely that you'd find a ground squirrel or a hamster staying up when its body was sending messages to go to sleep.”

More and more, severe mental illness is being measured in terms of wobbling rhythms. Schizophrenics sometimes do not exhibit the clear peak of growth-hormone secretion that occurs during early sleep in normal people. Severe depression pushes time totally out of joint; sleep rhythms disintegrate, insomnia takes over, and cortisol, an adrenal hormone involved in metabolism and stress reactions, is secreted at higher than normal levels and for different period lengths. After treatment and clinical improvement, the rhythm also approaches normalcy. Does this mean that if we could reintegrate their rhythms, the insane would all be sane again?

The answer is unknown. But clearly, a personality has trouble tolerating

poorly functioning clocks. Under stress, monkeys end up with disjointed rhythms, and the crazier the monkey, the wackier his rhythmic patterns. Of course, monkeys aren't human beings. Still, it's thought that manic-depressives suffer from disorganization of sleep rhythms and desynchronization of several hormone rhythms, and that period lengths of hormone secretory episodes are shortened in the depressive phase. This could be a clue to the way lithium works. It is known to increase the time span of leaf movement in plants. It might alter certain period lengths in man.

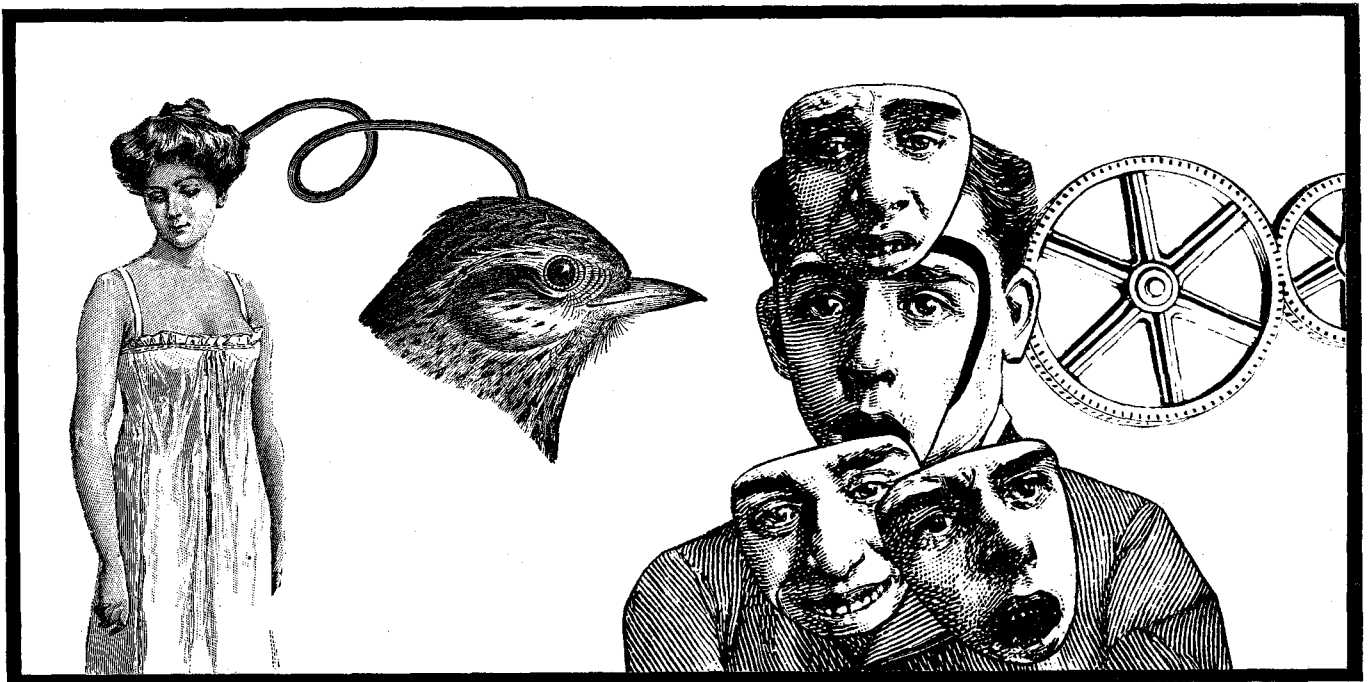
Some say our triumphs over nature—artificial light, artificial heat and cold—have so deprived our lives of a natural and regular cadence that these very triumphs have contributed to the widespread increase in mental disorder. Gay Luce, author of the best-seller *Body Time*, believes that even our sex lives suffer from the loss of natural light cues to maintain body rhythms. Luce now sleeps with the shades up.

Aging brings disorder into body rhythms, as if an old body could no longer maintain the standard meters. Dr. Weitzman speculates that “rhythms may be involved in the aging process. With age, there's a change in the sleep-wake cycle, a decrease in the range of body temperature and possibly a change in temperature rhythms and the timing of endocrine rhythms. But very few studies have been done.” Only seven people over the age of 40 have ever

been studied in time-free environments; all seven desynchronized wildly, staying up till all hours and sleeping like Rip Van Winkle. Dr. Weitzman would like to study this age group more closely, as well as expand his study of younger people. If you happen to be male, age 20 to 35 or 50 to 65, healthy, reasonably stable, drug free, and willing to go clockless for three and a half weeks, your hour has come.

Northeastern University, Boston. The sign on the door says, “THE CLEAN RAT.” Inside are two dozen miraculously germ-free animals. The rat in the cage is brown, white-bellied, and cute, as laboratory rats go. On the top of his head, three screws hold down a pink patch of dentist's cement with a small electrode in the center. This is plugged into a wire that connects to an electronic circuit. When the rat presses a bar, the circuit sends a stimulus to the pleasure center of his brain. He huddles with his back to the lab. Scarcely moving, he reaches out his paw, presses the bar, then bunches up again. This is a rat on a pleasure high. Again and again, he reaches, presses, huddles. He will press for pleasure over 100,000 times today.

“The pleasure stimulus is probably the most powerful stimulus ever discovered,” says Dr. Michael Terman, associate professor of psychology. “I'll bet my rats are the happiest creatures alive.” The first day, a rat has unlimited access to ecstasy; it will abandon every-



thing—food, water, sleep—for the sake of electronic bliss. But by about the second day, a pattern begins to emerge in the number of times the bar is pressed. There is a rhythm even to pleasure seeking.

Dr. Terman is studying, among other things, how changes in diet affect performance rhythms. Rats trained to press a bar at ten-second intervals (the reward for proper timing was a bolt of pleasure) were kept on a diet of sweetened condensed milk—an unbalanced regimen, but sufficient to keep a rat alive. A control group ate the standard dry food and water. On the normal diet, the operant peak, when rats could most accurately gauge the time, came shortly after the peak time of food intake. On the unbalanced diet, rat rhythms went haywire. Their operant peak was separated by several hours from the peak in ingestion. Their system had gone out of phase.

If people are what they eat, do their inner clocks run differently on high-test or low-grade fuel? Could we coax wandering rhythms back into step by dietary change? Someday, it may be possible to correct the deviating rhythms that are characteristic of serious diseases, such as cancer, by diet.

Perhaps we will also be able to relieve pain by proper diet. At MIT, rats which were fed a diet low in an amino acid called tryptophan quickly became more vulnerable to pain. They jumped like jumping jacks at shocks only half as strong as the voltage that alarmed rats on better diets. When the easily shocked rats were switched back to food high in tryptophan, bingo! Their pain threshold shot back to normal.

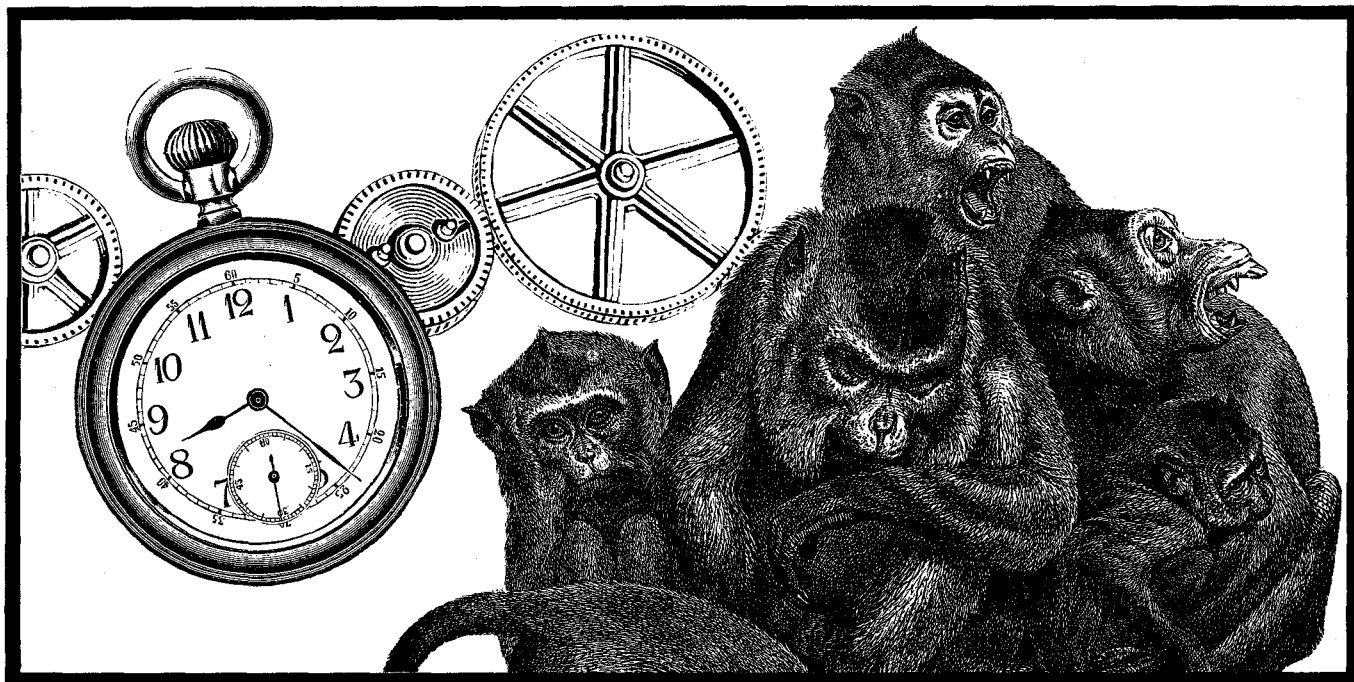
When we eat, as well as *what* we eat, can affect the coordination of our rhythms. The stimulant in tea that sets our clocks humming appears to work handily in the early morning or late evening, but is a dud at teatime—Englishmen, take note. And scientists have made the startling discovery that a change in mealtime can bring a change in rhythms. If you ate only one meal a day, and that meal was in the morning, the adrenal-hormones insulin and glucagon in your bloodstream would peak within less than an hour of each other. Perfectly normal: insulin lowers and glucagon raises blood-sugar levels, keeping them under control. But if you chose to eat your only meal at night instead of in the morning, insulin and glucagon would peak more than five hours apart. Your carbohydrate-control system would probably be unstable. This discovery is so recent that no one knows what to do with it yet, but the future medical implications of being able to separate rhythms by mealtimes alone are enormous. The dinner bell itself could affect the course of a cure, tricking rhythms into place and out, disciplining wayward rhythms to march to their appropriate drummers.

If we knew enough about which mealtimes were most efficient, we might tell the starving poor when to eat to keep their bare bones going. In a world food shortage, it would help to know which calories, taken when, could keep a hungry man alive. We know that rats die if they eat at the wrong time of day. At the University of Minnesota, rats kept at 75 degrees were allowed to eat only during the first four hours of light, when they would normally be resting. Most died. When fed only during the

first four hours of darkness, most survived. Knowledge of our own vital mealtimes could possibly spell life or death for the undernourished or very ill. When several elderly people died soon after swine-flu inoculations, some experts theorized that they had waited too long on line, which had put their systems out of kilter so that they were more susceptible to stress. If the body is fragile, its rhythms must be handled with the utmost care. Break a pattern in the wrong place, and you may break life itself.

Harvard Medical School, Boston. The gray-and-yellow squirrel monkey lives in a white porcelain box that looks like a refrigerator on the outside but feels like the tropics inside. When the box door opens, the monkey performs like any monkey, casually executing a double somersault over a bar. But, in fact, this monkey is in trouble. Since he lives in constant light, without sunrise and sundown to set his interior clock, his rhythms have desynchronized, rather like Barry Perlmutter's at Montefiore. Today the monkey can no longer adapt to temperature change.

Normally, if air temperature drops ten degrees centigrade, the animal's system revs up to keep him warm. Not this monkey's. When the outside temperature falls, his body temperature falls with it, dropping as much as four degrees. Dr. Martin Moore-Ede, assistant professor of physiology, says that "a lot of suggestive work has been done, but this is the first well-documented evidence of an ill effect from desynchronization. If the rhythms are desynchronized, homeostasis fails. The



“... It is possible that we would all feel better, work better, and live longer on some schedule other than the sun’s ...”

body can't deal with external challenges anymore.”

Homeostasis—a term that means that the body's internal state remains constant no matter how the environment varies—is a medical principle so cherished by doctors that biological rhythms are scarcely mentioned in medical schools. The concept was proposed some years ago by Dr. Walter Cannon at Harvard. Now Dr. Moore-Ede's monkeys are upsetting the applecart.

The medical school works to keep its laboratory monkeys healthy, but severe desynchronization can be lethal to any form of life. Tomatoes kept cool during the day and warm at night, which is not nature's way, develop tumors. In experiments at the Max Planck Institute in West Germany, blowflies had their span of daylight shortened or lengthened once each week, exactly as if they had just flown across the Atlantic. Out of sync with the natural world, they died earlier than their relatives. In contrast, fruit flies given twelve and a half hours of light and twelve and a half of dark actually had longer lives than flies on the more standard twelve-hour days and nights; though all the flies lived the same number of light-dark cycles, the first group got an extra hour every time. Perhaps we would all feel better, work better, live longer, on some schedule other than the sun's. Cows give more milk and chickens lay more eggs when farmers use lights to make winter days longer. Dr. Moore-Ede, currently work-

ing with NASA, hopes to study whether astronauts might turn in better performances if their spaceship day were revised to coincide with whatever day length they would naturally set for themselves in an environment free of all time cues.

The 24-hour day has both traps and enchanted moments. Births and deaths occur most frequently in the small hours of the morning, and all creatures, including man, are more vulnerable at certain times. A sudden loud noise will kill mice at certain hours of the day, but not at others. A small dose of insecticide wipes out houseflies most easily at 3 P.M., cockroaches at 5:30 P.M.

Then there are other drugs and chemicals whose effectiveness changes with the advancing clock:

Mice fed a carcinogenic diet at certain times of day had up to a 70 percent higher incidence of breast cancer than mice fed the same diet at different hours.

Far less anesthetic is needed to anesthetize rats during their resting hours than during their active period. Larger doses are required to induce sleep during a rat's active hours, but at this time it is also most susceptible to potentially lethal doses.

Steroid treatment tends to cause far fewer harmful side effects if administered in the early morning or on alternate mornings than if evenly spread throughout the day.

Heart patients are most sensitive to digitalis and diabetics to insulin at four in the morning.

Clearly you cannot fly in the face of time. All these facts about muted or enhanced sensitivity are important elements in chronotherapy, a new branch of medicine that takes account of body rhythms and is destined to cut a wide swath in medicine. Sometime in the future, it may change the treatment of cancer; it has already been effective in animal experiments.

Leukemic mice treated chronotherapeutically had double the survival rate of mice on the standard drug treatment—equal doses every three hours. Dr. Franz Halberg, at the Chronobiology Laboratories at the University of Minnesota, and Dr. Lawrence E. Scheving, at the University of Arkansas Medical Center, dosed leukemic mice with a widely used, and highly toxic, anti-cancer drug known as ara-C. Some groups of mice were maintained on an equal-dose schedule, receiving exactly the same amount of ara-C every three hours. Other groups of mice were put

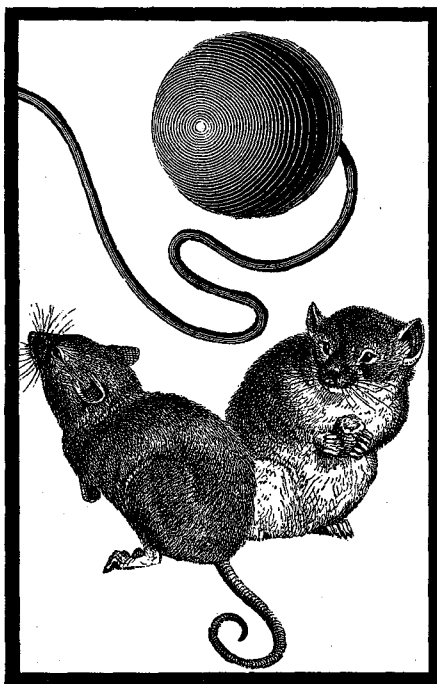
on a flexible dose program; they received the same total daily dosage but in gradually increasing and decreasing amounts. Once the optimal schedule for a varying drug dosage was determined, the cure rate of leukemic mice was double that of the mice on the unchanging, equal-dose schedule. Mice on a flexible dose treatment have also exhibited improved tolerance to radiation. Dr. Halberg writes that “experimental animals predict surprisingly well the clinical effect of anti-tumor agents,” and that if the mere tolerance of ara-C in mice can be extrapolated to man, it could also double the number cured.

The trick is to find the right rhythms. Trickier still, to separate rhythms from each other so that drugs can attack a tumor at its most vulnerable time. This is not yet possible. But certain cancers are known to have rhythms different from the body's; such tumors have lost contact with the drummer that keeps their host's many functions marching in step with one another. Someday we may be able to chart fluctuations in these tumors' cell division or DNA synthesis and attack at the high points, causing maximum damage. To inflict the least harm on the surrounding healthy tissue, drugs or radiation should be applied when normal DNA synthesis is at a low point. In the future, shifts in mealtimes might reset the body's rhythm of DNA manufacture so it is out of phase with the alien tumor's. Drugs might also do the job, nudging rhythms into new patterns.

When we finally learn to tell biological time using our body clocks, even operating-room schedules will change. At the Chronobiology Laboratories in Minnesota, skin grafts were most successful on mice when the transplant had been done prior to the daily high in body temperature, around the time of high blood-corticosterone levels. Studies haven't yet been made on optimal times to do human transplants.

We have time in our hearts, in our hands, and in our every cell. Where is the alarm clock that rings for our diseases, the cuckoo clock that sings for our depressions, the digital clock that figures our personalities? Scientists are searching—for tiny clocks in individual cells, and big clocks in the tumors that don't keep time with body tissues, and for master clocks, which keep the whole system of clocks coordinated.

Someday, some scientists in a lab may chance upon the timekeeper of life. Maybe, if he finds it, we could learn to keep it *wound*.



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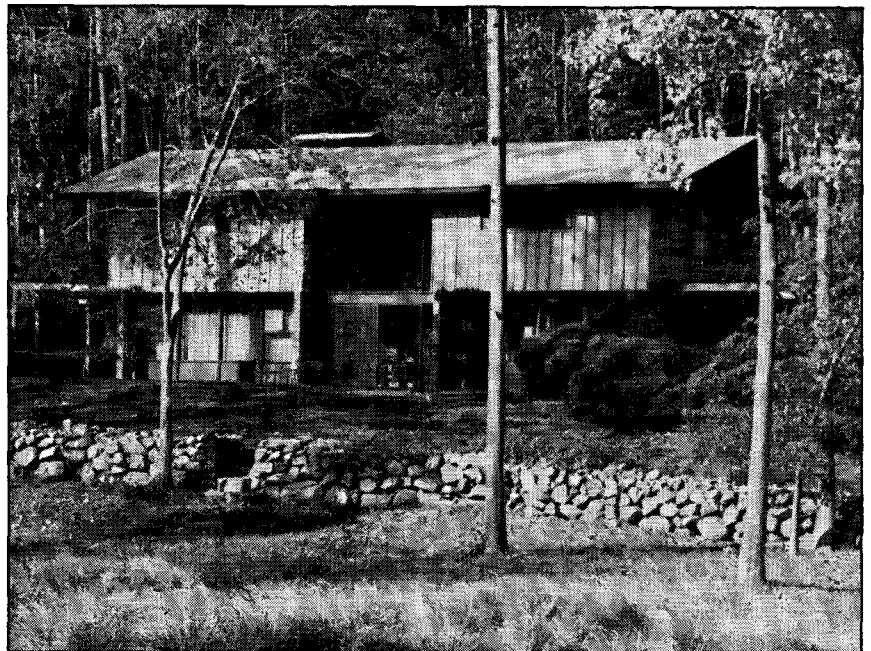
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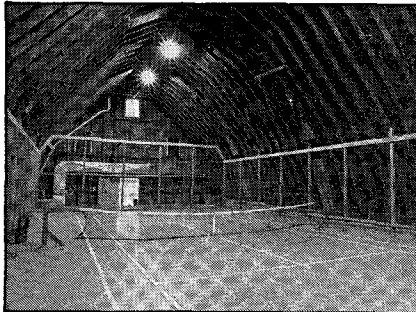
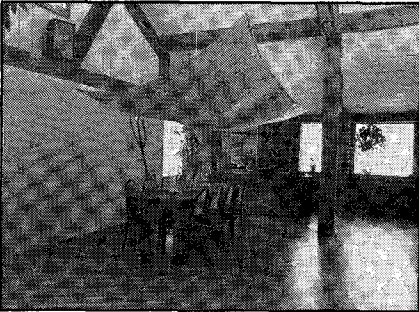
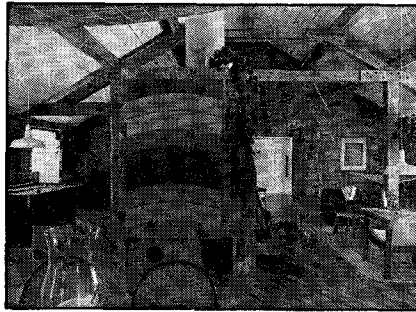
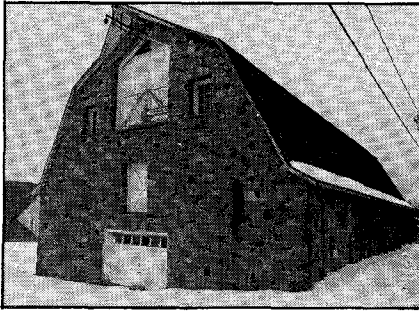


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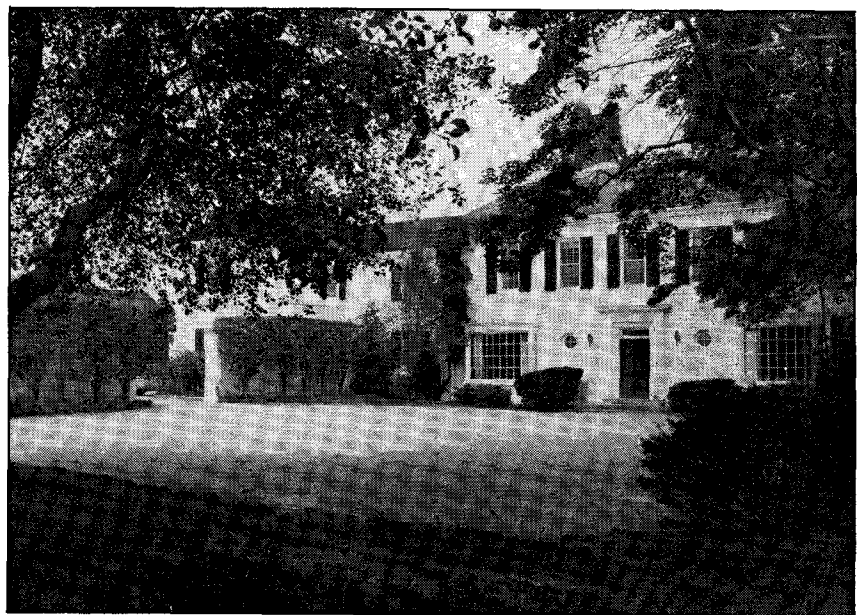


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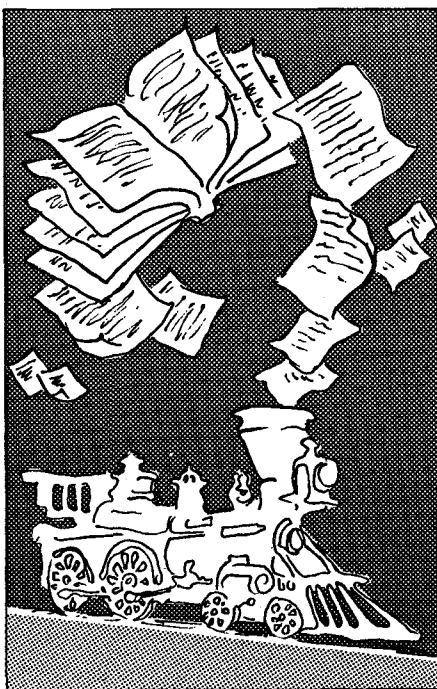
FULL STEAM AHEAD, AND NOWHERE TO GO

"... *Crazy Locomotive* is a wet-nosed spoof of mad-scientist serials; the structuring is ludicrous; the plot derails midway..."

A curious week this, one of reverses and contradictions. On Broadway, where one now least expects it, I saw a new play full of ideas, intelligently acted and beautifully mounted. Off Broadway, where one expects ideas and intelligence, I saw instead two plays trying rather foolishly to be movies, and part of another that was merely trying. On one of those small stages there was a realistic locomotive with steam and wheels going around. On another there was an honest-to-God swimming pool in which people—and the play—kept getting wet.

First I'll tell you about **The Crazy Locomotive**, which the Chelsea Theater Center first produced at its Brooklyn home in the Academy, and which is now finishing its run at Manhattan's Theater Four. If you've never seen a locomotive onstage, you'd better high-ball it to Theater Four. Douglas Schmidt's set is super-snazz, full of pipes and tubing, and big dials that rotate to show pressure and the like. At the end there's this big crash, when the locomotive runs head-on into another one coming down the same track. After that, all the people who've been hanging around in the cab of the engine wearing fancy movie costumes (by Carol Oditz) turn up in the final scene in a whole 'nother set of clothes, the same designs only tattered, and there's a whole new set with *two* locomotives piled one on the other. It all looks very expensive, and so it is: \$10,000 for the set, \$15,000 for costumes. This is the same Chelsea which, last year, had to cancel part of its season for lack of funds.

Unfortunately, there is also a play, onto which all this delightful visual spectacle has been pasted, and that is something of a problem. The author, Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz, was apparently something of a literary radical in prewar Poland; that much one gleans from the Chelsea program. But *The Crazy Locomotive*, which dates from 1932, is not what you'd call radical, or even particularly adventurous. It is a slovenly, rather wet-nosed spoof of mad-scientist movie serials, lightly veneered with the cinematic expressionism of, say, Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. The structuring is ludicrous; the plot



becomes derailed about midway and never again finds its track.

Nor has Chelsea found anything for the play itself to move it along. Des McNuff, the director, has made the easiest, and worst, choice of tone: broad, hurtling burlesque, in which a not very good cast spends most of its time shrieking lines and assuming campy poses. The splendor of the production is, to be sure, rather awesome; I bow deeply to Burl Hash for his virtuoso lighting, to Pril Smiley for putting together a stunning musical background (partly from old film-music collections, partly electronic effects of his own devising), and to Peter Byrne and Scott Morris for dazzling sound and film work. All the show really lacks, in fact, is a justification of its existence.

At the continuing disaster area known as the American Place, there is Jeff Wanshel's **Isadora Duncan Sleeps With the Russian Navy**. The gag in the title is that sleeping with the Russian Navy is the one thing Isadora Duncan *doesn't* do in this ludicrous biographical farrago. To dub Wanshel's play "sophomoric," as some have done, is to malign sophomores (of both high

school and college varieties) almost as much as the play maligns its subject. A little Pirandello here (the play is set as a movie-in-formation, with the script-writer haggling with his subjects), a little vaudeville there (the characters in Duncan's life do not act; they do quickie turns), and a lot of vaporous sentimentality all over: This is play-making at close to its most squalid.

As Isadora, Marian Seldes is as good as the material allows, and then some. Her dancing is no worse than Vanessa Redgrave's in the movie, and her delivery of lines (many of them apparently taken from authentic Duncan material) has a certain agreeable flair that, in better circumstances, might be mistaken for acting. But that merely accords with what I judge to be the American Place mystique: Pull in the crowds at low admission, expose them to a few live actors strolling around the stage delivering lines, and let them think they're experiencing theater.

The swimming pool is on the stage of **My Life**, which the usually adept Corinne Jacker and the usually interesting Circle Rep are trying to pass off as a play. I won't bore you with details, except that, after the hero had said, "I am walking on the ocean floor of my life," followed by "My past is coming back at me like silver bullets," I suddenly remembered that I hadn't had any dinner. I saw a really good swimming pool on the stage once. It was in a revue called *Make Mine Manhattan*, which opened in January, 1948, and ran 429 performances. In one of the skits, the late David Burns tried to sell Sid Caesar a ball-point pen by demonstrating how it could write underwater. They don't make plays like *that* anymore.

When I saw **Otherwise Engaged** in London last summer, two impressions came to mind: first, that Simon Gray had written a wonderfully funny, incisively wise play, better even in impact and structure than his excellent *Butley*; second, that Tom Courtenay, who had just been signed to play the leading role on Broadway, was a curious choice. Now the play is in our midst, for what

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deserves to be an anything-but-lonely long-distance run, and both impressions have been confirmed.

What splendid writing, what elegant plotting and character-painting Mr. Gray has given us, what lovely compliments to the alert and intelligent among our theatergoers! His play discourses, with utmost insight and drollery, on a basic malaise of our time: the deceptive ease of communication that technology has placed at mankind's disposal, and the tragic ease with which we hurl words at one another without making contact. His protagonist, Simon Hench, sits surrounded by modern communication gadgets: his beloved hi-fi onto which he aches to plop his latest Wagner album, his telephone, his answering machine. These are his refuge, an electronic armor into which he can retreat. Words to him are like transistors on a circuit board. He is an editor and he has, therefore, learned to line up words neatly and solder them immaculately into place. His only distress comes when words are used on him with some of their connections loose. He chooses not to respond to verbiage, no matter how important, merely to fiddle with its grammar.

Simon is man en route to robot, yet the author portrays him triumphant. The play is a series of joustings, of verbal lances blunted or broken against Simon's armor. His wife will leave him, but her rehearsed romantic tirade bounces back and sends her, crushed, to her scented bathtub. His brother, an academic worm, flaunts a small personal victory but sees it made even smaller. An old homosexual admirer tries to rekindle a romance 25 years dead, but is reduced to committing suicide on telephone into answering machine, which Simon simply flicks off.

Courtenay's failure in the role is the failure of the actor's indomitable boyish, soft charm, which gives the character an air of vulnerability false to Gray's writing. He is splendid in the many lighter moments; his way with a structure of interlocking jokes reveals an actor with an exquisite sense of timing and tone. But there is none of Simon Hench's cold steel in his work, none of the silken tension that Michael Gambon projected so brilliantly in London.

Otherwise, the domestic production is infinitely engaging, with Harold Pinter's impeccable pacing, an attractive set by Eileen Diss that looks like a duplicate of the London design, perfect costumes by Jane Greenwood, and excellent support by an American cast. Among them John Horton, as the down-trodden brother, and Lynn Milgrim, as a topless visitor with breastwork worthy of the Siegfried Line, are outstanding.

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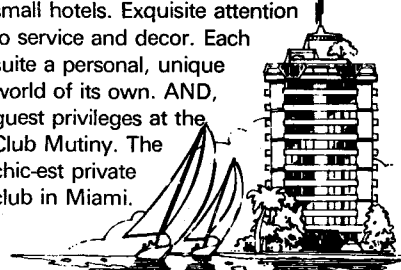
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"...The ABT used the *Coppelias* and *Giselles*
for their spectacular array of talent..."

Fourteen consecutive performances of *Coppelia*, followed by fourteen of *Giselle*: not what you'd call imaginative programming for the **American Ballet Theater's** January stand at City Center. Yet, the company played the occasion to the hilt, using those faded old showcases as glittering new showcases for their spectacular array of talent. The material may have been familiar, but the four weeks provided an endless succession of novelties: appearances (some debuts) in the title roles by practically every major member of the company. In the *Coppelias*, Martine van Hamel, Yoko Morishita, Marianna Tcherkassky, and Karena Brock danced their first *Swanildas*; Cynthia Gregory danced it in her return to the ABT; Eleanor d'Antuono, that steady favorite, also danced it.

All these fine dancers were satisfying, but, in the long run, the reigning favorites left something to be desired. Gregory, that symbol of perfection, is too aristocratic to play a peasant. She is a magnificent Odette-Odile, the best Miss Julie; her dancing cannot be faulted, but as a petulant, foot-stamping, skirt-twitching country maid she failed to convince. Likewise, van Hamel, a lovely virtuoso but always regal and, thus, also hard to accept as a peasant. The little dancers—the feathery Tcherkassky, Morishita (who looked like a doll even before she pretended to be one), the crisp d'Antuono, and Brock (in one of her rare appearances as a principal dancer, partnered by her husband, Ted Kivitt)—came off better. When they chased butterflies, made *moues*, trampled their swains' feet, and flat-footed offstage in snits they were convincing and adorable.

On one night Clark Tippet danced his first Franz. He's an excellent partner for van Hamel, and lifts her effortlessly, but that's hardly enough for a principal dancer. His infatuation with the audience makes him forget what he's doing with his feet. Other Franzes were Fernando Bujones, staggering the imagination with his leaps, turns, and guileless charm, and Ted Kivitt, playful, rambunctious, and efficient.

Then, mysteriously, all of the *Swanildas* were turned into *Giselles*; all of

the Franzes were transformed into Albrechts. On the opening night of *Giselle*, the curtain was delayed close to twenty minutes; then an announcement was made that because of an injury to Ivan Nagy, the principal role would be played by Mikhail Baryshnikov. It took the audience another five minutes to settle down after that surprise. Natalia Makarova and Baryshnikov must have spent those twenty minutes deciding to show us how they performed *Giselle* in *Mother Russia*, because such histrionics are seldom seen hereabouts. The mad scene was so mad I thought Makarova would hop off the stage. Both of them almost landed on the musicians in their itch to get close to the viewers. As dancers, however, they were at their peaks, as was that majestic Queen of the Wilis, Martine van Hamel. (Makarova was partnered the following week by the New York City Ballet's Peter Schaufuss, a powerful but hammy dancer.)

The next night Fernando Bujones danced his first Albrecht. In the first act he was a little overanxious, which resulted in a curious combination of duke-peasant-duke instead of a duke pretending to be a peasant. But with Eleanor d'Antuono as the *Giselle*, he triumphed completely in the second act as the bereaved seducer. His dancing was superb, and his multiple entrechats from backstage to front elicited first a loud and fervent "*Jee-zus!*" from an overwrought watcher, and then cheers.

In a Saturday matinee New York City Ballet's Helgi Tomasson was brought in to replace the injured Nagy and to partner Marianna Tcherkassky. It was an inspired move and a pleasure to see Tomasson in a full-length ballet. He and Tcherkassky are well matched; he is 35 but looks 20, and the *Giselle* this time looked 14, which is about right. The dancing was pure and effortless, the dramatics seemly. Gelsey Kirkland was the last *Giselle*, and the most convincing. The fragility of her body, the lovely bearing of the head, her little-girl looks in the first act were beautiful, as was her fine spirituality as a remote yet tender little wraith in the second. Charles Ward made the best Albrecht debut.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 277

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. "Yes? Oh, Mr. Razgoot. . . . Yes. . . . I'm sorry, she's still in a meeting. Yes, I understand. Well, she *did* ask me to tell you that she will be busy most of this week. . . . Uh, yes. Well, I think she *has* car-theft coverage. . . ."

2. "Oh, hi, Larry. Fine, thanks. Listen, I'm not alone, let me call you ba . . . *What?* Sure, I know even nice people get . . . I know, but . . ."

Above, Eavesdroppings. Competitors are invited to invent the callee's half of one telephone conversation from which the content of the sweet unheard may be inferred. Limit 50 words.

Results of Competition 274, in which you were asked for bona-fide clippings and a brief comment.

Report: I loved these. Well, we've talked long enough. Now it's time to play *You Bet Your Life*.

First Prize of "Son of Giant Sea Tortoise," edited by M. A. Madden (Viking), to:

(New London, Conn., *Day*) CARTER INVITATION DECLINED

Nominative: Carterus invitatio. Genitive: Carterus invitationis. Dative: Carterui invitationi. Accusative: Carterum invitationem. . . .

Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

(New York *Times*) LIONEL ROGGE GIVES SENSITIVE ORGAN RECITAL

Good boy, Lionel! The show must go on.
M. S. Seacat, NYC

РОГАЛЬСКИЙ РАССЧИТЫВАЛА БЕЗНАКАЗАННОСТЬ

Well, at least she had the last laugh.
Ms. Marcia Cohen, Bayside, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

(New York *Times*) As Yogi Berra once said about Mamma Leone's, "No one goes there anymore; it's too crowded." Mr. Berra meant that the place was full of the wrong people.—*John Corry*
Right! That's what Yogi meant. And the point of the story, the reason it's considered a humorous anecdote, is the inadvertent contrast drawn between "no one goes there"—which implies an empty room—and "it's too crowded" which states just the opposite—a full room.

Robert B. Brown, NYC

(New York *Times*) RHODESIANS SAY RE-Rhodesians Say Recent Incursions into Mozambique
cent Incursions into Mozambique
BUOYED MORALE
Buoyed Morale
DAMN BIFOCALS
Damn Bifocals

Henry Morgan, Truro, Mass.

(Los Angeles *Times*) CATHOLIC SCHOOL MAY INHERIT TOPLESS BAR

If God is good . . .
Michael Flanagan, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

(The Jacksonville *Times-Union*) FAILURE TO NAME TAP TARGETS NO EVIDENCE BAR: COURT

Bob, John . . . see if Dean can tell us what the hell this means.

T. K. Tierney, Orange Park, Fla.

And Honorable Mention to:

(Washington *Post*) MAKING PENNSYLVANIA AVE. SAFE FOR PEDESTRIANS
Well . . . today's presidents are more realistic than Wilson was.

Alice Wofford, Port Washington, N.Y.

(San Francisco *Chronicle*) Xerox unveiled an electronic typewriter that goes five times faster than a human typist.

Faster than a speeding typesetter?
Roger McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

(New York *Times*) ROSENKRANZ'S TEAM IS LEADER IN BRIDGE

Hamlet and Guildenstern are dead.
Sal Rosa, NYC

(New York *Times*) SCHOOL BOARD HOLDS HEARING ON A BUDGET THAT HAS NO CHANCE

Grateful for the opportunity not to discuss it together.

Carol Rosenfeld, Great Neck, N.Y.

(Louisville *Times*) FOR \$5, SERVICE RELAYS TIMID TALKERS' MESSAGES

Uh . . .
Carolyn Miller, Louisville, Ky.

(Wall Street *Journal*) GAF THINKS SILVER IS MISSING BUT ADDS THAT IT ISN'T SURE
Why not check with the Lone Ranger?

Frank Kolton, Milton, Mass.

(TV *Guide*) DOROTHY HAMILL SKATES INTO TELEVISION

"I was aiming for the sofa, but you know

how awful my eyesight is!" giggled Dorothy.

Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

(Washington *Post*) CARTER AIDES WEIGH ECONOMY PACKAGE

Oh come on, we've got a Bureau of Weights and Measures for that kind of thing.

Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

(Montreal *Gazette*) MYTH OF GREAT FRENCH LOVER EXPLODING IN MINI REVOLUTION

pop!
Arnie Keller, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

(Omaha *World-Herald*) The comic strip Little Orphan Macbeth is William Shakespeare's shortest play. Annie was created in 1924.

A contender for longest run of the century.
Myron H. Milder, Omaha, Neb.

(Berkeley *Independent and Gazette*) ECOLOGISTS' ADVICE: GLASS BEATS PLASTIC
Nevertheless, let's wait until Friday and see what the point spread looks like.

Russell McGrath, Berkeley, Calif.

(New York *Times*) T. B. KETCHUM TO WED POLLY DENT

The father and mother of the bride-to-be are both incurable practical jokers.

Charlotte Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

(New York *Times*) KANDACE KEAN IS FUTURE BRIDE OF G. S. KANE

Kandy—Okay, you win. (signed) Shanda Lear.

Deborah Lambert, McLean, Va.

(Pittsburgh *Post*) TRYING TO PAY TAXES WITH PIG PUTS FARMER IN, OUT OF POKEY
No fatty deposit. No returns.

Nancy Pastor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*) PIRATES SATISFY PARKER

Now if they could just do something for girls who wear glasses.

Geoffrey and Diana Tomb, Sewickley, Pa.

(San Francisco *Chronicle*) WOMEN WHO DEMAND MORE SEX

Are few and far between.
David M. Cole, Richmond, Calif.

(New York *Times*) . . . a psychiatrist played by Maximilian Schell, and a beautiful woman played by Maximilian Schell . . .
No more typecasting for good ol' Max.

W. Burke, South Orange, N.J.

(Washington *Post*) HIGH-FLYING CATHOLIC, GW CLASH TONIGHT AT SMITH CENTER

That high-flying Catholic—is her name Sally Field?

Susan Burfoot, New London, Conn.

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(San Diego Evening Tribune) FEED OUTLINES TASKS DONE BY COLLEGE BOARD What??

Ben Patterson, San Diego, Calif.

(New York Times) Thus, James and Mena Swanson, both 31 years old, were more than strangers when they came to the valley six years ago with their four children, now aged 4 to twelve years. The valley is no place to raise kids.

Joseph T. Rigo, NYC

(The Louisville Times) KINGS ARE KONGS FOR VOLS AND BAMA

May a gorilla fly up your nose.

James R. Miller, Louisville, Ky.

(New York Times) INSURGENT IN UNION ACCUSED BY MEANY

Nice guys finish last.

J. Z. Melson, Brooklyn

(New York Times) IRAQ ACCUSED OF TRYING TO WIPE OUT KURDS

Where there's a whill, there's a whey.

Stephen Conroy, Hartford, Conn.

(Knoxville News-Sentinel) Underlining the text, making notes in the margin, and finding anachronisms to help in memorization are other suggested methods of effective reading.

If anachronisms don't drill it into your head, pneumatic devices will.

Lee and Ron Magid, Knoxville, Tenn.

(New York Times) MONDAY IS ACQUIRED BY DODGERS

Okay by me. It's the weekends I'm bothered about.

Malcolm C. Harrison, NYC

sp. mention: Herb Appel, NYC

Stephen Gelb, Brooklyn

R. A. McDade, Sag Harbor, N.Y.

(Southfield News) GALE SINKS EMPTY U.S. TANKER

You can't take your eyes off that kid for a minute.

Joel Shore, Southfield, Mich.

(Middletown Press) JEWS' VIEW OF SEX IS DISCUSSION

... don't believe it, darling. I actually like it. Look, I'm taking off my pants. Tell me, did you ever see such a fine gabardine? Anytime your father, your brother needs a suit I know this store absolutely wholesale, free alterations. I'm taking off my shoes. Genuine alligator, Italian, fit like a glove. . . .

Seymour Katz, Middletown, Conn.

(New York Times) RABIES IN ISRAEL

What would you expect—preests?

Alice M. Yohalem, NYC

sp. mention: Phil Levine, Bronx

(New York Times) . . . not a single word of English is spoken. Merely Latin, French and Italian—all very properly mispronounced. But none of them misspelled.

Albert G. Miller, NYC

(Washington Post) 30 DAYS OR \$100 FOR BERRIGAN

Berrigan says he can use the money.

Lee Edes, Washington, D.C.

(Bedford, Ind., Daily Times-Mail) YOUR INVITED TO HEAR DR. W. DALE OLDHAM WORLD RENOUNCED PREACHER AND AUTHOR But I don't suppose your interested in hearing anyone that unpoplar.

Florence Kramer, Indianapolis, Ind.

(Cincinnati Enquirer) TWO MALE INMATES SEEK MARRIAGE BOND

One explains: "I'm just a prisoner of love."

Carole Black, Cincinnati, Ohio

(Scarsdale Inquirer) The prospective bride graduated from Edgemont High School, and attends the University of Miami School of Business Administration where she is majoring in fiancee.

She is graduating with honors.

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

(New York Times) CRATER IS BELIEVED UNDER ANTARCTICA

No wonder his trail grew cold.

Msgr. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

(Huguenot, N.Y., Herald) NEW YORK CITY REFUSE HAULED TO PLATTEKILL

Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Betty Potenza, Highland, N.Y.

(St. Petersburg, Fla., Times) POPE TO DIE FOR KILLING THREE

Soon to be released as a major motion picture, *The Trinity Caper*, starring Charlton Heston.

Fred Lane, Pleasantville, N.Y.

(Chicago Tribune) CEMETERY WORKERS OK 3-YEAR PACT

Honey, guess what! We're going to get shovels!

Pat Smith, Springfield, Ill.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer) CITY INITIATING TEST IN COURT OF GAG ON PUBLIC EMPLOYEES

Not funny, say employees.

Patrick Banchy, Cleveland, Ohio

(Chicago Tribune) CITY'S RECORD COLD CUTS IN MANY WAYS

Well, they don't call us "hog butcher of the world" for nothing.

Mary Jo Bohr, Arlington Heights, Ill.

(Variety) CRITIC JOHN SIMON: ME STAY AT MAG

"On one condition," the film reviewer added. "Under no circumstances must me be assigned to covering any more Antonioni retrospectives."

Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 277, *New York Magazine*, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by February 18. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive *The People of Kau*, by Leni Riefenstahl (Harper & Row). Runners-up will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of March 21. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. Postcards, please.

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Sportswear—This little shop tucked away on a side street usually discounts its name-brand merchandise, and a February sale knocks another 20 percent off the prices. Jeans in several styles, usually retailing for \$16-\$18, were \$13.50, now \$10.80. Similarly, a range of one- or few-of-a-kind sweaters of wool, acrylic, blends, including wraps, usually \$15-\$30, now \$9.60-\$16; slacks in all-wool flannel or polyester, regularly up to \$30, now \$17 and \$18; shirts, cotton, poly, or blends, regular retail \$15-\$20, now \$9-\$12; broken sizes in skirts, wool-gabardine slacks, pantsuits are reduced as well. Sizes 6-16. No credit cards, but checks accepted. Exchanges, no refunds. *Yankee Pedlar, Ltd., 215 East 76th St. (988-9910); Tues.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m.; closed Mon.; thru 2/28.*

Imports—Putumayo sells handicrafts of Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru chiefly. The clothes, primarily for women, include handsome sweaters, now reduced 30-40 percent: hand-knit natural-wool bulky sweaters, wrap and button styles, some hooded, were \$65-\$75, now \$39-\$45; alpaca pullovers in many designs, some hooded, earth colors, were \$30-\$55, now \$21-\$38.50. Woolen hats, were \$10-\$15, now 40 percent off; hand-knit Turkish gloves in bright colors, were \$7.50, now \$5; handwoven-alpaca jackets, were \$70, now \$40; alpaca ponchos, were \$45, now \$34; woolen espadrilles, were \$15, now \$6, sizes 7-9. Embroidered cotton shirts, were \$12-\$20, now \$6-\$10. Also jungle baskets, were \$4-\$25, now one third off, more. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge, checks accepted. All sales final. *Putumayo, 142 East 73rd St. (734-3111); Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m.; thru 2/28.*

Baubles, Bangles—Jewelry, most of it imported from the Far East, is on sale at half price: carved ivory hippo on a cord, was \$24, now \$12; cuff links made of porcelain Chinese gambling tokens, c. 1860, were \$15 a pair, now \$7.50; sterling-and-enamel bracelets in colored stripes or hearts, were \$28, now \$14; horn and coin silver fashioned into earrings, bracelets, pendants, were \$10-\$24, now \$5-\$12; wide polished sterling-silver bracelets, were \$45, now

\$22.50; tiny ivory heart on 18" gold-filled chain, was \$10, now \$5; elephant-hair-and-sterling hoop earrings for pierced ears, were \$12, now \$6, and a limited number of matching bangles, were \$8, now \$4; 32" strings of teak-wood beads, were \$5 and \$6, now \$1. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge, checks accepted. All sales final. *Art Asia, Inc., 1088 Madison Ave. near 82nd St. (249-7250); Mon.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.-6 p.m.; thru 2/28.*

Socks—Hand-knit socks, leg warmers, and slipper socks, all colorful and no 2 pairs alike, are now one third off the usual prices. Made in Afghanistan, they come in many color combinations. Wool-and-rayon knee socks, were \$12, now \$8; leg warmers/boot toppers, were \$12, now \$7.77; wool slipper socks, were \$30, now \$20 a pair. All major credit cards and checks accepted; no refunds, but exchanges made. *Buzkashi, 214 East 53rd St. (752-9716); Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-10 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; thru 2/14.*

Pottery—The works of 10 contemporary potters are sold in this store. A sale of the one-of-a-kind handmade pieces will bring the prices down on first-quality things as well as seconds (seconds clearly marked). A glazed raku box with lid, was \$30, now \$20; a glazed lipped bowl, was \$14, now \$10; teapot, was \$24, now \$18; large porcelain planters, were \$55, now \$30; ovenproof soup bowls with handles (ramekins), were \$6, now \$4; a high-fired glazed stoneware pitcher, was \$16, now \$10. Also mugs, plates, bowls, planters, etc., at similar savings. No credit cards, but checks accepted. All sales final. *Earthworks Pottery, Ltd., 255 East 74th St. (650-9337); Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-7 p.m., Fri. till 8 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; sale 2/11-19.*

Leather Wear—Women's fall and winter clothes of leather and cotton, imported from Israel, are reduced 25 to 70 percent. Examples: suede dress with patchwork trim, was \$180, now \$55; suede wrap jacket, was \$165, now \$75; boxy suede jacket, was \$140, now \$60; wrap suede skirt, was \$105, now \$78.75. Sizes 8-14. Brushed-cotton separates (tops, caftans, etc.), 40 percent off. Sizes S, M, L. American Express, BankAmericard, checks accepted. All leather sales final. *Pinola, 994 Madison Ave. near 77th St. (734-8000); Mon.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

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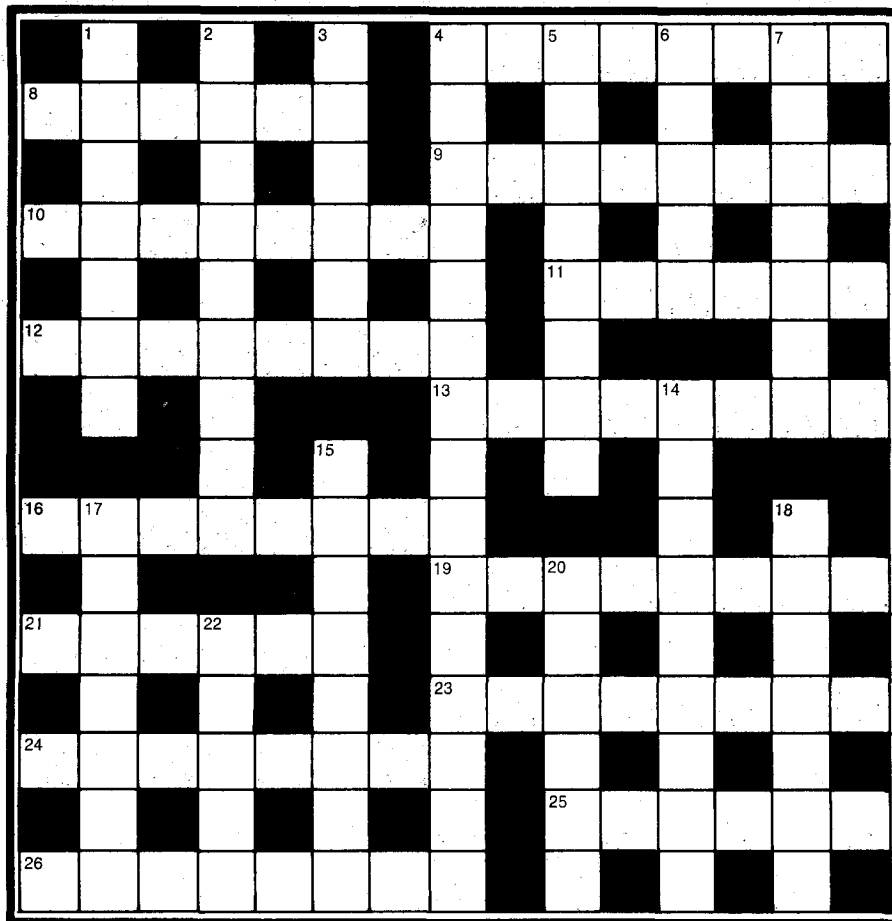


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FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



Clues

ACROSS

- 4 Church official is taking one fellow's part. (8)
 8 Rose's home. (6)
 9 Vera's net is set to catch very mature men! (8)
 10 The craft of opera? (8)
 11 Hands back the money, but wild prayers are right out! (6)
 12 Fixed up with a new partner? (8)
 13 Happening to die out at the end of the day. (8)

- 16 Surprised, but went in front immediately after the beginning of the race. (8)
 19 Irish fruit-stack. (8)
 21 Creature in the body. (6)
 23 Right opposite to inauspicious! (8)
 24 Disease apparently affecting fruit and more fruit. (8)
 25 Apprentice in depressed area. (6)
 26 Unsparing Naomi certainly wasn't! (8)

DOWN

- 1 Is he being coached to get

- on the right tracks? (7)
 2 Novice with two degrees thrice given from the old university! (4, 5)
 3 "And in the lowest deep a lower deep Still threatening to — me opens wide" (*Paradise Lost*). (6)
 4 There's pride among this number. (5, 6, 4)
 5 Frightened from being hindered. (8)
 6 Beat what the actors want back! (5)

- 7 Day none wanted when troubled. (7)
 14 After taking two lines of approach, would this be the missing element in the eternal triangle? (5, 4)
 15 Nobody absent or alert. (3, 5)
 17 Top-heavy bit of the car? (7)
 18 Conceals places where you can see the stars. (7)
 20 Fellows lower the range in the West. (6)
 22 Scatter it here in part of Kent. (5)

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SHARON MILLER

HOME: Salmon, Idaho

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: White-water guide

HOBBIES: Skiing, kayaking, horseback riding, yoga.

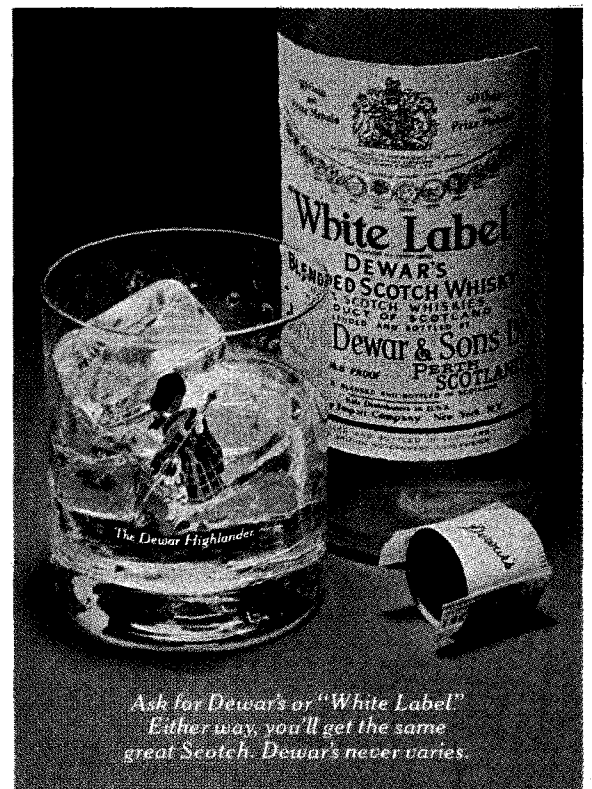
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK:
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